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ART. I.—*Modern Painters*. Vol. IV., containing Part V.—*Of Mountain Beauty*. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1856.

It is now ten years since the first volume of "*Modern Painters*" startled the Art-loving public by its brilliant eloquence, daring originality of thought, and want of reverence for great names, where no better reasons could be assigned for their greatness than antiquity and general opinion. The work then begun is now approaching its termination; four volumes have already appeared, and a fifth will complete the series. The author has succeeded in persuading many to embrace those views of Art which he has himself adopted; and with reference to landscape painting especially, has effected a reformation—almost a revolution—in the popular judgment; so that it is no longer considered absurd to compare Turner with Claude, Stanfield with Vandewelde, Cooper with Cuyp, or Lance and Hunt with Van Os and Van Huysum; nay, many would now be inclined to award the palm in most of these cases to the moderns rather than to their ancient rivals. It is no slight thing for one not a professional artist, and still young, to have brought about such a change in public opinion. It was a bold undertaking to attempt the overthrow of time-honoured beliefs and conventionalities sanctioned by the authority and practice of many famous names. But like all great reformers, Mr. Ruskin had perfect confidence in his own resources, and the result has proved that confidence to have been neither overweening nor misplaced. We do not, indeed, by any means approve of all that he has taught. There is much of the husk of fancy and

fallacy mingled with the seed of truth,—much offensive self-assertion and excessive abuse of antagonists,—much idol-worship,—constant praises of humility, and as frequent displays of arrogance,—occasional incompleteness and partiality in the consideration of a subject, and not a little twisting and perversion of the facts of nature in order to compel them to adjust themselves to the support of a favourite theory or school. But in spite of this leaven of false doctrine, how much is there of true and of wholesome teaching!—what a precious series of observations, most carefully conducted, upon the various aspects of external nature, such as no single observer has ever before brought together!—what an earnestness of purpose, and what a love of beauty! He may, indeed, have done some harm,—have led some astray,—but he has also effected much good, and the general tendency of his teaching is in the right direction; for it inculcates humility, the necessity of patience and labour, and points to nature herself as the only infallible guide; and, although the effect of this last important doctrine is, in some degree, impaired by the Turner-worship with which Mr. Ruskin is unfortunately chargeable, yet the very excess to which he carries this weakness is likely to prove its own corrective; and it is not probable that many earnest students will be content to accept of Turner as the high priest and interpreter of nature, or submit to bow down before a mere servant of the temple, whilst the goddess herself invites their approach and solicits their homage.

The Fourth Volume of "Modern Painters" is both bulkier and more expensive than any of its predecessors, and at the present rate of progression in size and price, we almost tremble when we think of the fifth still to come. It is profusely illustrated by engravings and woodcuts, chiefly after the author's own drawings, many of which evince an amount of technical skill, patient assiduity, and knowledge of mountain structure, that would do credit to an accomplished professional artist. Mountain beauty is the principal subject; and this is examined and analyzed with the utmost care and minuteness. Neither physical nor mental toil has been spared; but the author's studies and wanderings among the pine-clad crests, rugged glaciers, and snowy mountains that tower above the smiling valleys of Switzerland, have evidently been labours of love, and they have borne abundant fruit, furnishing a mass of facts with regard to the external aspects of mountains, whose value to the artist can scarcely be overrated. We cannot, indeed, always agree with Mr. Ruskin in the use which he makes of the facts thus laboriously accumulated, and some of his conclusions we think fanciful and erroneous. But still there are the obser-

vations themselves, affording a most valuable and suggestive collection of materials, from which we may draw our own inferences, without being led away by those peculiar views which sometimes appear to warp the judgment of our author, and dim his usual clearness of perception; and what we conceive to be the principal merit of the volume before us, is just its fulness and accuracy as a record of the structure and aspects of mountain nature. It is, in parts, beautifully written, and will add greatly to Mr. Ruskin's fame as a word-painter, containing perhaps the most eloquent passages he has ever composed; though here and there we have also observed paragraphs of very questionable taste, where he appears to have been aiming at fine writing, and has signally failed in his attempt. Yet upon the whole, "the difficult air of the iced mountain top" seems to have inspired him. He revels in the grandeur and beauty of his subject—in "the mountain gloom" and "the mountain glory."

"The mountains of the earth," he tells us, "are its natural cathedrals, or natural altars overlaid with gold, and bright with broderie-work of flowers, and with their clouds resting on them as the smoke of a continual sacrifice." "To myself," he elsewhere says, "mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers and woods and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory, or reading a pleasant book; and if the scenery be resolutely level, insisting upon the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, as in Holland and Lincolnshire, or central Lombardy, it appears to me like a prison; I cannot long endure it. But the slightest rise and fall in the road—a mossy bank at the side of a crag of chalk, with brambles at its brow overhanging it—a ripple over three or four stones in the stream by the bridge—above all, a wild bit of ferny ground under a fir or two, looking as if, possibly, one might see a hill if one got to the other side of the trees, will instantly give me intense delight, because the shadow or the hope of the hills is in them."

Mr. Ruskin does not pretend to understand, or to have examined mountain structure as a geologist; the science pre-eminently of use to the artist is one of aspects, of things as they appear to the eye, rather than as they really are; and, therefore, as his researches among the mountains, and minute investigation of their external details were undertaken principally for the purpose of benefiting Art and artists, he claims to be excused when, in the treatment of his subject, he occasionally makes use of language which may seem, in some respects objectionable to professed geologists.

Having thus generally stated the objects aimed at in the volume before us, we shall now proceed to examine it more closely, and endeavour to place before our readers a succinct account of its contents: no easy matter, within the narrow limits of a single article, when it is remembered that there are upwards of 400 closely printed pages, abounding in novel and interesting facts, and pregnant with thought. It is full of variety, commencing with a consideration of the Turnerian picturesque, and ending with a highly wrought description of the deaths of Aaron and Moses, and the Transfiguration of our Lord. Mountains are not introduced until the seventh chapter, five of the previous ones being devoted to Turner, and one to the Firmament. A lame excuse is made, in the preface, for not giving examples of the mountain drawing of the Poussins and Salvator, while, at the same time, the most unsparing abuse is heaped upon them. The hours of a short life (Mr. Ruskin thinks) may be better employed than in giving examples of bad work such as theirs. The reader's attention is to be directed instead, to the facts in nature and in Turner; and first we are to consider in what form he admitted into his works the modern feeling of the picturesque. The old tower of Calais Church, standing in "its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea-grasses," is most nobly described, and then sneeringly contrasted with our modern English trimness, gentility, and neatness; things evidently abhorrent to Mr. Ruskin: "with us let who will be married or die, we neglect nothing. All is polished and precise again next morning; whether people are happy or miserable, still we sweep the stairs of a Saturday." The distinction between the lower or modern, and the noble or Turnerian picturesque, is thus stated:—

"If outward sublimity be sought for by the painter, without any regard for the real nature of the thing, and without any comprehension of the pathos of character hidden beneath, it forms the low school of the surface picturesque—that which fills ordinary drawing-room and scrap books, and employs perhaps the most popular living landscape painters of France, England, and Germany. But if these same outward characters be sought for in subordination to the inner character of the object, every source of pleasurable being refused which is incompatible with that, while perfect sympathy is felt, at the same time, with the object as to all that it tells of itself, we have the school of true or noble picturesque, distinguished from the schools of the lower picturesque by its tender sympathy, and its refusal of all sources of pleasure inconsistent with the perfect nature of the thing to be studied."

Stanfield is, on the whole, considered the greatest existing

master of the lower picturesque, while Turner, owing to the largeness and universality of his sympathies, is the only artist who has hitherto furnished the entire type of perfection in the noble picturesque. These two divisions of art are separated by no definite barriers, but may merge into each other; thus, the lower may rise to the higher picturesque, and will do so in exact proportion to the increasing sympathy of the artist with his subject.

The chapter on Turnerian picturesque is succeeded by others on "Turnerian topography," "Turnerian light," and "Turnerian mystery." Mr. Ruskin cannot deny that many of Turner's drawings are inaccurate representations of the scenes which they profess to portray, in the common acceptance of the term; and he endeavours to reconcile this with what he has previously asserted with regard to the absolute necessity of the strictest adherence to the facts of nature, by propounding a theory of painting, which accords the utmost degree of license to the great imaginative painter in the treatment of nature. He admits, indeed, that it is always wrong to draw what you do not see, under any circumstances whatever; but then the great painter sees what is invisible to the smaller man, and he is right to paint it. An artist with little or nothing of the inventive faculty ought to be particularly careful in his choice of subject, and accurate in his details; but the great inventive painter is not bound by such rules; his aim must be, not so much to give a topographical delineation of the scene before him, as to present the far higher and deeper truth of mental vision, and to reach a representation which, though it may be totally useless to engineers or geographers, and when tried by rule and measure totally unlike the place, shall yet be capable of producing on the far-away beholder's mind, precisely the impressions which the reality would have produced. The changes upon the actual topography of the place represented, are involuntary in the mind of such an artist; "an entirely imperative dream crying, 'thus it must be,' takes possession of him: he can see and do no otherwise than as the dream directs." He may fell trees, remove bridges, deepen ravines, heighten mountains, in obedience to the impulse of the mental vision, and yet all this is in perfect consistency with what has previously been said of the propriety of giving the greatest number of the facts of nature; for, according to Mr. Ruskin, the visions presenting themselves to the great inventive painter's mental view, are no less facts than those of a more material character seen by less gifted artists, and by people in general. He, therefore, does well to paint them, and we must receive and acknowledge his greatness in all humility; accept for truth

what appears to us falsehood, admit addition, exaggeration, and omission, and not only admit, but admire. Truly, a man's faith had need to be strong to bow down to such demands as these; and the license thus accorded is certainly a most liberal interpretation of "the faculty of arrangement," which Mr. Ruskin has before spoken of as the prerogative of the great inventive painter. We are willing to admit that absolute fidelity, on the part of the artist, is impossible, and that, in all Art, there must necessarily be certain omissions and conventionalities, arising from the feebleness of humanity, and the imperfection of materials; but we cannot consent to surrender our own perceptions and impressions so entirely to another as Mr. Ruskin would have us do to Turner.

Much novel and interesting information will be found in the chapter upon "Turnerian light." Nature surpasses Art in the power of obtaining light as much as the sun does white paper; but few people are aware how infinitely the sun outshines white paper. Even blue sky is brighter than this material, the most brilliant representation of light which Art can command. If the light of white paper or paint be 10, the blue sky will be 20, white clouds 30, the high lights upon these clouds 40, and yet even these are dim and feeble when compared with the silver cloudlets that burn around the sun. Even the darkest part of a Swiss mountain, seen five or six miles off, on a sunny summer's morning, will be found to be brighter than white paper; and it will, therefore, generally be found impossible to represent, in any of its true colours, scenery more distant than two or three miles, in full daylight; but, as we pass to nearer objects, correct representation gradually becomes possible, to what extent may always be ascertained by the same experiment:—

"Bring the edge of the paper against the thing to be drawn, and on that edge—as precisely as a lady would match the pieces of a dress—match the colour of the landscape (with a little opaque white mixed in the tints you use, so as to render it easy to lighten or darken them); take care not to imitate the tint as you believe it to be, but accurately as it is, so that the coloured edge of the paper shall not be discernable from the colour of the landscape. You will then find (if before inexperienced) that shadows of trees, which you thought were green or black, are pale violets or purples; that lights which you thought were green, are intensely yellow, brown, or golden, and most of them far too bright to be matched at all. When you have got all the imitable hues truly matched, sketch the masses of the landscape out completely in those true and ascertained colours, and you will find to your amazement, that you have painted it in the colours of Turner—in those very colours, which perhaps you have

been laughing at all your life—the fact being, that he, and he alone of all men, ever painted nature in her own colours.”

The greatest artists (we are told) will be found, as regards colour, divided into two principal groups, Chiaroscurists and Colourists; the former, headed by Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Raphael, painting mainly with reference to light and shade, irrespective of colour; and the latter, led by Paul Veronese, Titian, and Turner, painting chiefly with reference to local colour. The noblest members of each of these two classes, however, introduce the element proper to the other class. The colourists labour under one disadvantage as opposed to the chiaroscurists—that between their less violent hues, it is not possible to draw all the forms which can be represented by the exaggerated shadows of their opponents; hence, a slight tendency to flatness is characteristic of the greater colourists as opposed to Leonardo or Rembrandt. To compensate for this, however, they possess three advantages over their rivals. First, they have, in the greater portion of their pictures *absolute* truth, while the chiaroscurists have no absolute truth anywhere. Second, the relations of colour are broader and vaster with the colourists than with the chiaro'scurists; and third, the delightfulness of their pictures, their sacredness and general nobleness, are increased exactly in proportion to the quantity of light and of lovely colour they can introduce in the *shadows*, as opposed to the black and grey of the chiaroscurists. Our author's sympathies are all with the colourists; and he endeavours to strengthen their cause by a number of fanciful statements and analogies, showing how in nature, things innocent are bright and gay in colour, and things venomous and hurtful, grey and sombre in hue; and he, finally, has recourse to scripture to prove the sanctity of colour, referring to the sacred chord of colour in the Tabernacle (blue, purple, and scarlet, with white and gold), which, he says, has been the fixed basis of all colouring with the workmen of every great age.

After having explained the nature of Turner's art as respects sympathy with his subject, fidelity of local detail, and principles of colouring, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to inquire into his method of delineation, or that mysterious and apparently uncertain execution by which he is distinguished from most other painters. To this investigation two chapters are devoted, entitled, “Turnerian Mystery, first, as Essential, and secondly, as Wilful.” It is admitted that up to the seventeenth century all great painters were definite, rejoicing in “clear, calm, placid, perpetual vision, far and near; endless perspicuity of space; unfatigued veracity of eternal light.” That against G. Bellini,

Leonardo, Angelico, Durer, Perugino, and Raphael we have only to place "sullen and sombre Rembrandt; desperate Salvator; filmy, futile Claude; occasionally some countenance of Correggio and Titian, and a careless condescension or two from Tintoret: not by any means a balanced weight of authority." That, even in modern times, the balance is to be found on the side of clearness; the whole body of the Pre-Raphaelites, like the elder religious painters, dwelling in an atmosphere of light and declaration. Yet there is much to be urged in favour of the worship of clouds; and Mr. Ruskin proceeds to defend their cause, and Turner's representation of them. And, first of all, they are there before our eyes, not in cloudy England merely, but everywhere:—

"The fact is, that though the climates of the south and east may be *comparatively* clear, they are no more absolutely clear than our own northern air; and that, wherever a landscape painter is placed, if he paints faithfully, he will have continually to paint effects of mist. Intense clearness, whether in the north, after or before rain, or in some moments of twilight in the south, is always, as far as I am acquainted with natural phenomena, a *notable* thing. Mist of some sort, or mirage, or confusion of light, or of cloud, are the general facts."

Then we are told, in further justification of the practice of Turner, that we live under a universal law of obscurity, "that all *distinct* drawing must be *bad* drawing, and that nothing can be right till it is unintelligible." We are also informed that we never see anything clearly, by which Mr. Ruskin seems to mean microscopically; we only know what it is; thus we take up a book and we can see the water-mark and threads of the paper, and read the letters printed on its surface; and most people who can do this, flatter themselves that they can see clearly; but no (says our author), you cannot see the hills and dales on the paper's surface, nor the fine fibres that shoot out from its threads—a microscope is required to reveal those; therefore, you cannot be said to see clearly; you only know that it is a book and printing you have before you.\* So with Turner there is an

\* Great men sometimes arrive, without any previous concert, at the very same conclusions. Thus the redoubtable Sam Weller, in the well known case of Bardell against Pickwick, seems to have had a very clear perception of the doctrine here contended for, as the following extract from the evidence on that celebrated trial clearly shows. Sam is under examination by Serjeant Buzfuz. "You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin gas microscopes of hextra power, pr'aps I might be able to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, my vision's limited."

obscurity about him just as there is in nature; and even Pre-Raphaelitism, of which he is the true head, though it makes out much, suggests also a great deal which you cannot see, and is full of mystery. And so it should be. It is only the Germans and the so-called masters of drawing and defining that are wrong, not the Pre-Raphaelites. Absolute truth is unattainable; but a drawing by Turner of a large scene, and by Holman Hunt of a small one, are as close to truth as human eyes and hands can reach.

"You will find," says Mr. Ruskin, "in Veronese, in Titian, in Tintoret, in Correggio, and in all the great *painters*, properly so called, a peculiar melting and mystery about the pencilling, sometimes called softness, sometimes freedom, sometimes breadth; but in reality a most subtle confusion of colours and forms, obtained either by the apparently careless stroke of the brush, or by careful re-touching with tenderest labour, but always obtained in one way or another; so that though, when compared with work that has no meaning, all great work *is distinct*,—compared with work that has narrow and stubborn meaning, all great work is *indistinct*; and if we find on examining any picture closely, that it is all clearly to be made out, it cannot be as painting first-rate. There is no exception to this rule. EXCELLENCE OF THE HIGHEST KIND WITHOUT OBSCURITY, CANNOT EXIST."

Mr. Ruskin adverts to the objection which may be urged against this view founded upon photography which is always clear and distinct, whilst Turner is just the reverse. This (he tells us) arises from the nature of the subjects from which photographs are usually taken; they are generally of the most un-Turnerian description; and also because much of the force and clearness of these wonderful transcripts of nature depends upon the very defects of the process which exaggerates shadows, loses details in light, and misses many of the subtleties of natural *effect*, while giving subtleties of form such as no human hand could achieve. As all subjects have a mystery in *them*, so all drawing ought to have a mystery in *it*; and in all fine and first-rate drawing there are many passages in which if we see the touches we are putting on, we are doing too much; they must be put on by the feeling of the hand only, and produce their effect upon the eye when seen in unison a little way off.

Our author here adverts to Dr. Waagen's opinion of Turner; and it is somewhat amusing to contrast the diametrically opposite opinions of two such celebrated Art-critics with regard to the same painter; the Englishman devoting four bulky volumes to an explanation and defence of his principles, and a eulogy on his genius; while the German can only see in his pictures "a

crude painted medley with a general foggy appearance," and "such a looseness of treatment, such a total want of truth, as I never before met with."

Obscurity and mystery are not only admirable but essential; our whole happiness and power of energetic action depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud. But the right of being obscure is only to be conceded to those who have the power of being intelligible; the majority of great men must always be intelligible, though the greatest must struggle through intelligibility to obscurity. The tendency of this age to general cloudiness, as opposed to the old religious clearness of painting, is indeed one of degradation; yet Turner is the one modern man who has "risen past clearness, and become dark with excess of light."

In plate 27, fig. 4, will be found an unintelligible daub, given by Mr. Ruskin as a normal specimen of "the modern or blottesque" manner of painting the aspen. We have before had occasion to censure his one-sidedness and special pleading, his unfairness towards his antagonists, and his unscrupulousness in bringing forward an occasional and accidental fault or carelessness as an average example of their usual style; but the present is a gross caricature instead of a fair representation; it is given as "the ordinary condition of tree treatment in our blotted water-colour drawings; the nature of the tree being entirely lost sight of, and no accurate knowledge of any kind possessed or communicated." Let any unprejudiced person walk through the rooms during any of the annual exhibitions of the London water-colour societies, and then, with his eye yet fresh from the many charming transcripts of nature which adorn the walls, let him turn to this plate of Mr. Ruskin, and ask himself, "Is such a man to be trusted?" Why, if there is one characteristic of the present British school of landscape painting, more marked and hopeful than another, it is just the growing determination to study more and more in the school of nature. We cannot but regret this unfairness on the part of our author, because his recent pamphlet on the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is not only calm and courteous in its tone, but even highly laudatory; acknowledging that the pictures of this season evince a marked improvement, and a tendency to move steadily in the right direction. And it does, therefore, seem somewhat strange and inconsistent that, while this pamphlet accords such praise to the principal exhibition of modern paintings, the present volume, published but a month or two before, should give the coarse caricature, with the words "modern or blottesque" printed under it, as the normal type of the prevalent system of tree drawing.

The chapter in which our author treats of the "Firmament" contains the following passage in his very best style :—

"It seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of these heavens, God means us to acknowledge his own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. 'The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God.' He doth set 'his bow in the cloud,' and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, his promises of everlasting love. 'In them hath he set a *tabernacle* for the sun,' whose burning ball, which, without the firmament, would be but as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separate fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn, as they drink the overflowing from the day spring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of his own majesty to men upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds and the Inhabiter of eternity we cannot behold him; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed his dwelling place. 'Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool.' And all the passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all these visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds, and threatening thunders, and glories of coloured robe and cloven ray are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

The remainder of the volume (upwards of 300 closely printed pages) is occupied with the examination of the structure and aspects of mountains. They were intended by their divine Architect to appeal at once to all the faculties of the human spirit. Even among the deep glens, sequestered vales, and rushing streamlets of the lower ranges, there is infinite beauty to be found. But the great mountains lift the lowlands on their sides as if a great plain with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life had been gathered up in God's hands from one verge of the horizon to the other, "and shaken into deep-falling folds as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back

when his horse plunges." Mountains (we are told) were intended to fulfil three great offices in creation. 1st. To give motion to water; 2nd. To give motion to air, to maintain a constant change in its nature and currents; and 3rd. To give change to the soils of the earth, which, without such provision, would in a series of years become exhausted.

"The valleys only feed; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our ideas of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountains is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy."

Mr. Ruskin classifies the materials of mountains according to the peculiarities of their structure; terming the hard and (generally) central masses "crystalline rocks," because they almost always present an appearance of crystallization; the less hard substances, which yet appear compact and homogeneous, he terms "coherent rocks;" and the scattered debris "diluvium." The first of these divisions is again separated into "compact crystallines," in which the mica lies irregularly or is altogether absent, comprehending the large group of granites, syenites, and porphyries; and "slaty crystallines," in which the mica lies regularly. The "coherent rocks" again, are divided into "slaty" and "compact coherents," the latter comprehending the great group of marbles. The "compact crystallines" are distinguished by "speckledness," being spotted or dashed with various colours, by toughness, and by purity in decomposition, the clay procured from them being the finest and best for porcelain, and the sand of the purest white, always bright and lustrous in its particles. The landscape in which such rocks abound has a marked character of purity, the streams and lakes are of exquisite clearness, and the sea which washes a granite coast is as unsullied as a flawless emerald." The "slaty crystallines" are characterized by fitness for building—stability in debris, the flatness of the pieces into which they break enabling them to unite into a close mass—security on declivities, another result of their flatness of shape, and by a tendency to form the loveliest scenery:—

"The colour of their own mass, when freshly broken, is nearly the same as the compact crystallines, but it is far more varied by veins and zones of included minerals, and contains usually more iron, which gives a rich brown or golden colour to their exposed sides, so that the colouring of these rocks is the most glowing to be found in the mountain world. They form also soil for vegetation more quickly and of a more fruitful kind than the granites, and

appear on the whole, intended to unite every character of grandeur and of beauty, and to constitute the loveliest as well as the noblest scenes which the earth ever unfolds to the eyes of man."

The characteristics of the "slaty coherents" (which include roofing slate) are softness of texture, lamination of structure, great power of supporting vegetation, adaptation for architectural purposes, and darkness and blueness of colour. They are generally grey, black, or dark purple, owing to which the landscape where they occur is often sombre and melancholy in aspect. Many instances of such dismal scenery, appalling in storm, and woeful in sunshine, are to be found among the Alps. The last group of rocks (the "compact coherents") is, as respects geographical extent and usefulness to the human race, more important than any of the preceding, forming the greater part of all low hills and uplands throughout the world, and supplying the most valuable materials for building and sculpture. This great division of rocks includes marbles, limestones, and sandstones, and to them we owe—

"the greater part of the pretty scenery of the inhabited globe. The sweet winding valleys, with peeping cliffs on either side; the light irregular wanderings of broken streamlets; the knolls and slopes covered with rounded woods; the narrow ravines, carpeted with greensward, and haunted by traditions of fairy or gnome; the jutting crags, crowned by the castle or watch-tower; the white sea-cliff and sheep-fed down; the long succession of coteau, sunburnt, and bristling with vines, — all these owe whatever they have of simple beauty to the peculiar nature of the group of rocks of which we are speaking; a group which, though occasionally found in mountain masses of magnificent form and size, is, on the whole, characterized by a comparative smallness of scale and a tendency to display itself less in true mountains than in elevated downs or plains, through which winding valleys, more or less deep, are cut by the action of the streams."

The materials of mountain structure having been thus classified and examined, the sculpture of mountains, first, in their lateral ranges, and then in their central peaks, is examined at considerable length. Mountain ranges viewed with reference to their first upheaving and structure, may be conveniently divided into two great groups; those made up of beds or layers, commonly termed stratified, and those made up of more or less united substance, usually called unstratified. The first of these Mr. Ruskin terms "lateral," and the second "central." The lateral ranges are broad tabular masses of sandstone, limestone, or other material, tilted slightly up over large spaces, often many miles square, and forming precipices with their exposed

edges, as a book resting obliquely on another book forms miniature precipices with its back and sides. The three great representative forms of these lateral ranges are: 1st. Wall above slope; 2nd. Slope above wall; and 3rd. Slope and wall alternately. The curvature or undulation of the beds or layers of these stratified rocks is another point deserving particular attention. They seldom lie in flat super-position; but generally in waves more or less vast and sweeping, according to the character of the country. In lowland countries this curvature is but slightly marked, but as we approach the hills the undulations become more distinct and the crags bolder; and in the central and noblest chains, the undulation becomes literally contortion, and the precipices bold and terrific in proportion to this exaggerated and tremendous contortion.

The following remarks with regard to the arrangement and position of the great Swiss mountains, possess considerable interest, coming from such an accurate and painstaking observer of nature :—

“The longer I stayed among the Alps and the closer I examined them, the more I was struck by the one broad fact of there being a vast Alpine plateau, or mass of elevated land, upon which nearly all the highest peaks stood, like children set upon a table; removed in most cases far back from the edge of the plateau, as if for fear of their falling. And the most majestic scenes in the Alps are produced, not so much by any violation of this law, as by one of the great peaks having apparently walked to the edge of the table to look over, and thus showing itself suddenly above the valley in its full height.”

Mr. Ruskin afterwards adverts to the effects of glacier action on mountain structure, regarding a glacier as a vast instrument of friction, a white sand-paper applied slowly but irresistibly to all the inequalities of the mountain it covers; but it is impossible adequately to explain his theory without the aid of the wood-cuts which illustrate it, and those who are curious upon the subject must be referred to his chapter on “the central peaks.”

The division of mountains into lateral and central, is of the broadest description, and in order to acquire an accurate knowledge of them, we must approach closer and examine more minutely. From these two great groups spring numerous resulting forms. *First*, Aiguilles; *second*, Crests; *third*, Precipices; *fourth*, Banks; and *fifth*, Stones. And here, too, it is quite impossible for us to follow our author throughout his remarks and speculations upon aiguille structure, and the other resulting forms, owing to the absence of the wood-cuts and engravings which illustrate his meaning, and to which constant reference

is made in the text. But, even without their aid, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers some of the more important conclusions at which he arrives with regard to them. We are told that the *aiguilles* of Chamouni, though very steep, are ludicrously exaggerated in the lithograph drawings generally brought home by travellers, as may be at once seen on comparing these drawings with photographs of the same subjects. Even among the higher Alps, there are very few summits to which the term "peak," that is, pointed at the top, and sloping steeply on all sides, may be properly applied. Perhaps not more than five mountains in the whole chain of the Alps present such a structure; and these are the Finster-aarhorn, Wetterhorn, Bietsch-horn, Wiesshorn, and Monte Viso. The object of the construction of *aiguilles* appears to be the utmost peakedness of aspect, with the least possible danger to the inhabitants of the valleys. They are, therefore, thrown into transverse ridges, which take, in perspective, a more or less peaked outline; so, in their dilapidation they split into narrow flakes, which if seen edgeways, look as sharp as a lance point, but are nevertheless still strong, being each of them in reality, not a lance point or needle, but a hatchet edge. The curved cleavage of the *aiguilles* may, perhaps, be regarded as their chief characteristic, and it forms a principal feature in their beauty of aspect, although it may not, at first sight, be perceptible to the majority of spectators.

The second resulting form is termed "crests;" by which Mr. Ruskin means that condition of mountain summits intermediate between *aiguilles* and solid simple beds of rock, resembling, in shape and graceful curvature, the crest of a Greek helmet or a wave about to break, and furnishing, upon the whole, the most beautiful and perfect forms in which mountain masses occur. In this chapter, there are many excellent, and some fanciful remarks upon mountain drawing. We are told that we shall find good and intelligent mountain drawing distinguished from bad "by an indication first, of the artist's recognition of some great harmony among the summits, and of their tendency to throw themselves into tidal waves, closely resembling those of the sea itself; sometimes in free tossing towards the sky, but more frequently still in the form of *breakers*, concave and steep on one side, convex and less steep on the other; secondly, by his indication of straight beds or fractures, continually stiffening themselves through the curves in some given direction." These conditions may be found in part complied with in the works of both Albert Durer and Titian, but not in those of Claude, who was totally ignorant of the mountain anatomy. Mr. Ruskin gives an etching (No. 37) as a specimen of the perfection of

Turner's mountain drawing, points out at considerable length, the profound knowledge of their structure and aspects which it evinces, and follows it up by a paragraph (part of which we shall immediately quote) in justification of himself and his favourite idol:—

“I can well believe that the reader will doubt the possibility of all this being intended by Turner; and *intended*, in the ordinary sense it was not. It was simply seen, and instinctively painted, according to the command of the imaginative dream, as the true griffin was, and as all noble things are. But if the reader fancies that the apparent truth came by mere chance, or that I am imagining purpose and arrangement where they do not exist, let him be, once for all assured, that no man goes through the sort of work, which, by this time he must be beginning to perceive I *have* gone through, either for the sake of deceiving others, or with any great likelihood of deceiving himself. He who desires to deceive the picture-purchasing public may do so cheaply; and it is easy to bring almost any kind of Art into notice without climbing alps or measuring cleavages.”

Precipices are the third resulting form. In the great majority of cases they consist of the edge of a bed of rock sharply fractured. When the bed of rock slopes backwards from the edge, a condition of precipice is obtained, more or less peaked, very safe, and very grand. When the beds are horizontal, the precipice is steeper, more dangerous, but much less impressive. When the beds slope towards the precipice, the front of it overhangs, and the noblest effect is obtained which is possible in forms of this kind. A true and perfect precipice, that is one from which a plumb-line will swing clear without touching its face, if suspended from a point a foot or two beyond the brow, is very rarely to be met with, even among the Alps. Such a one, however, nearly 500 feet in height, occurs on the summit of the Breven on the north of the valley of Chamouni; and one of equal height, trenchant and overhanging, on the scarred sides of the peak of the Matterhorn. Among the highest mountains where the principal precipices occur, no serious or perfect work can be done; the distant rocks of the upper peaks, when in light, are lighter than white paper, yet as compared with the snow which forms a prominent element in such scenery, they are so dark, that a daguerreotype taken for the proper number of seconds to draw the snow shadows rightly, will always represent the rocks as coal black. Turner felt this, and his practice in larger works, was always to treat the snowy mountains as a far-away white cloud, concentrating the interest of his picture on nearer and more tractable objects. His first conceptions of mountain scenery were taken from Yorkshire; and his practice among its rounded hills, and broken limestone scars, seems to

have materially influenced all his after-work. Thus he generally preferred to paint his precipices as slope above wall, rather than below it, and this is one of his most marked peculiarities, and in it we easily trace the effects of these early associations.

“No Alpine cloud could efface, no Italian sunbeam outshine, the memory of the pleasant dales and days of Rokeby and Bolton; and many a simple promontory dim with southern olive, many a low cliff that stooped unnoticed over some alien wave, was recorded by him with a love and delicate care that were the shadows of old thoughts, and long-lost delights, whose charm yet hung, like morning mist, above the chanting waves of Wharfe and Greta.”

The fourth resulting form is that of “Banks,” which depend for their beauty mainly on the nature and degree of their curvature. The curves of a circle, ellipse and cycloid, return upon themselves and are finite, but those other curves which cannot be completely drawn out, because the law of their being supposes them to proceed for ever into space, are infinite, and possess a much higher order of beauty. Mr. Ruskin then goes on to assert that “we find on examination, that every form which by the consent of mankind, has been received as lovely, in vases, flowing ornaments, embroideries, and all other things dependent upon abstract line, is composed of these infinite curves; and that nature uses them for every important contour, small or large, which she desires to recommend to human observance.” Now, upon this point we entirely differ from Mr. Ruskin; his assertion is far too general and sweeping, and is, in many respects, at variance with facts. We do not, indeed, mean to dispute the beauty of these infinite curves, but we deny that they are entitled to such a monopoly of beauty as is here claimed for them. The undulating and beautiful contours of the human figure, the flowing and graceful outlines of Grecian vases, mouldings, and ornaments, nay, the delicate and almost imperceptible curve or entasis which adds so much to the beauty of the columns of the Parthenon, can easily be produced with the utmost accuracy and certainty, by the application of various ellipses, which are all formed by *finite* curves. Mr. Ruskin, indeed, is blind to the beauty of Greek ornaments and mouldings, which with his usual felicity of abuse, he characterizes as “doggrel ornamentation,” and may, therefore, consider it no proof of the beauty of finite curves, that they are capable of producing such forms; but he can scarcely venture to deny that the outlines of a fine female human figure (such as that of the Venus of Melos), possess beauty of the highest order, and yet these also are composed of the same finite curves. We cannot here enter into the proof of this point, but it will be found most amply demonstrated, and illustrated by numerous diagrams, in

Mr. D. R. Hay's able and interesting work on the "Science of Beauty," recently published at Edinburgh, to which we beg to refer our readers.

The beautiful curves belonging to mountains may be divided into four systems. 1st. Lines of fall; those which are wrought out on the solid mass by the fall of water or of stones. 2nd. Lines of projection, produced in debris by the bounding of the masses under the influence of their falling force. 3rd. Lines of escape, produced by the spreading of debris from a given point over surfaces of varied shape. 4th. Lines of rest; those which are assumed by debris, when in a state of comparative permanence and stability. These different descriptions of lines are all illustrated by wood-cuts, without which, indeed, it is almost impossible to explain them intelligibly. Mr. Ruskin tells us that the richness of detail and variety of incident, in its scenery, render Switzerland a country but little attractive to the ordinary artist; we cannot paint it, and, therefore, we declare its landscape ugly and unpicturesque. But if we could, we should then find it as interesting on canvas as in reality. He then goes on to make a calculation, that within the space of a single Swiss valley, such as generally comes into a picture, there may be from five to ten millions of well-grown pine trees, "every one of which must be drawn before the scene can." How any artist could possibly see all these pines from any one point is not explained; and it is admitted that the painting ten millions of pines, even at the rate of four or five in the minute, would occupy ten years, working ten hours a day; but there is hope even of this, when the Pre-Raphaelite tendencies of the modern school of landscape painting become more fully developed—which heaven forbid they ever should be, if such is to be the melancholy result. Towards the end of this chapter on Banks, our author insists strongly on "Turner's inevitable perception and entire supremacy of mountain drawing over all that had previously existed." He was spared long to do his appointed work, and he did it so completely, that nothing is left for future artists to accomplish in that kind. Such work, so perfectly done (Mr. Ruskin thinks) is never repeated; it is done once and for ever; and, therefore, Turner's painting of the hills, "combining the most intense appreciation of all tenderness, with delight in all magnitude, and memory for all detail, is never to be rivalled or looked upon in similitude again."

"Stones" are the last of the resulting mountain forms. Our author is one of those who find "sermons in stones," and most eloquent ones too. It is only in modern Art that we see any complete representation of clouds, and only in ancient Art, generally speaking, that we find any careful realization of

stones. Titian and Turner treat them intelligently and nobly; Claude, Flaxman, and "the modern ideal" school, meanly and falsely. Lines of rest, formerly adverted to as one great division of mountain lines, belong more properly to stones than rocks. These lines, formed of debris in a state of temporary repose, arrange themselves in an equable slope; and there is scarcely any great mountain mass among the Alps, which does not show towards its foundation perfectly regular descents of this nature, characterized by their straightness of line, often two or three miles long without a break. The angles of these slopes vary considerably, and are generally much exaggerated in descriptions and drawings. Loose debris lies at various angles up to about  $30^{\circ}$  or  $32^{\circ}$ ; debris protected by grass or pines may reach  $35^{\circ}$ ; and rocky slopes  $40^{\circ}$  or  $41^{\circ}$ ; but, in continuous lines of rest, it is never found at a steeper angle. This chapter is illustrated by a clever engraving (No. 50) after Turner's drawing of Goldau, the scene of the Fall of the Rossberg, and Mr. Ruskin tells us, with reference to it, that he hopes he will cease to be charged with enthusiasm in anything he has said of Turner's imagination as always instinctively possessive of the truths which lie deepest, and are most essentially linked together in the expression of a scene,—considering that he has taken only this drawing of Goldau, and another subject from the St. Gothard (engraved in plates 21 and 37), and yet these have sufficed for the illustration of all the particulars of Alpine structure which it has been possible for him to explain in the course of half a volume, and which are, in fact, all abstracted in these two drawings in the most complete and consistent manner, and as if they had been executed on purpose to contain a perfect summary of Alpine truth. Another interesting circumstance connected with these two drawings is also mentioned: they were the last ever made by Turner with unabated power. We can only further remark, with regard to this section of the work, that, in paragraphs 6 and 7, will be found an ingenious and brilliant pleading for stones; claiming for them the attention of the artist on account of the variety of form and beauty of colouring, which they will be found to possess if we will only take the trouble to examine them. A stone is a mountain in miniature, and "do but give it some reverence and watchfulness, and there is breadth of thought in it, more than in any other lowly feature of all the landscape."

The two last chapters in the volume are entitled the "Mountain Gloom" and the "Mountain Glory," both most earnest and eloquent, though somewhat fanciful. The former commences with a description of the hardships and degradation of the Swiss peasantry in the mountain districts between

Valorsine and Martigny, and an exhortation to the public of London and Paris to endeavour to alleviate or remove their sufferings, which might easily be done by the diversion of but a small portion of the £50,000 which they annually lavish on opera and ballet.

“The time will come when, as the heavy folded curtain falls upon our own stage of life, we shall begin to comprehend that the justice we loved was intended to have been done in fact, and not in poetry,—and the felicity we sympathized in, to have been bestowed and not feigned. We talk much of money-worth, yet perhaps may one day be surprised to find that what the wise and charitable European public gave to one night’s rehearsal of hypocrisy,—to one hour’s pleasant warbling of Linda or Lucia—would have filled a whole Alpine valley with happiness, and poured the waves of harvest over the famine of many a Lammermoor.”

The following are stated to be the conditions of the “Mountain Gloom,” or feeling of horror sometimes connected with hill scenery: 1st. General power of intellect; an average degree of mental power and imagination being necessary to the production of this feeling. 2nd. Romanism; which Mr. Ruskin believes to be very closely connected with it. 3rd. Disease of body. 4th. Rudeness of life and want of cultivation; and 5th. Familiarity with ugliness and disorder, produced by the violence and inclemency of the elements around them, which is often found among the inhabitants of high mountain districts. These five heads are said to embrace the principal causes of the “Mountain Gloom;” the last only being peculiar to mountainous and marshy districts. Sion in the Valais, we are told, is, of all places, the most subject to the united operation of these malignant influences; but we can do no more than allude to the singularly minute and graphic description which Mr. Ruskin gives of the picturesque capital of that pestilential district.

But if there is a mountain gloom, there is also a mountain glory. In many things the hills may justly claim pre-eminence over the lowlands, and in nothing more than in colouring. To them we owe purple, violet, and deep ultramarine blues.

“In an ordinary lowland landscape (says our author), we have the blue of the sky; the green of the grass, which I will suppose (and this is an unnecessary concession to the lowlands) entirely fresh and bright; the green of trees; and certain elements of purple, far more rich and beautiful than we generally should think, in their bark and shadows (bare hedges and thickets, or tops of trees, in subdued afternoon sunshine, are nearly perfect purple, and of an exquisite tone), as well as in ploughed fields, and dark ground in general. But among mountains, in *addition* to all this, large,

unbroken spaces of pure violet and purple are introduced in their distances, and even near, by films of cloud passing over the darkness of ravines or forests; blues are produced of the most subtle tenderness; these azures and purples passing into rose-colour of otherwise wholly unattainable delicacy among the upper summits, the blue of the sky being, at the same time, purer and deeper than in the plains. Nay, in some sense, a person who has never seen the rose-colour of the rays of dawn, crossing a blue mountain, twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what *tenderness* in colour means at all; *bright* tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower; but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill purples he cannot conceive."

Then the mountain wild-flowers are more beautiful and various than those of the plain, which can show nothing to compare with the light blue star-gentian, the Alpine rose, highland heather, large orange lily, narcissus, and oxalis. In foliage and water, too, the mountains are superior. A lowlander out of sight of the sea cannot conceive of water in its clearness, colour, fantasy of motion, calmness of space, depth, reflection, wrath, and power. And so also with foliage; the resources of trees are not properly developed until they have difficulty to contend with, nor their various action:—

"rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks; stooping to look into ravines; hiding from the search of glacier winds; reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine; crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams; climbing hand-in-hand among the difficult slopes; opening in sudden dances round the mossy knolls; gathering into companies at rest among the fragrant fields; gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges;—nothing of this can be conceived among the unvexed and unvaried felicities of the lowland forest."

The superiority of the mountains, in short, to the lowlands in loveliness of colour, perfectness of form, endlessness of change, wonderfulness of structure—things precious to all undiseased minds—is just as measurable as the richness of a painted window matched with a white one, or the wealth of a museum compared with that of a simply furnished chamber.

Mountains have always exercised an important influence over the habits and progress of the races that have dwelt among them; and the mountain scenery of the Greeks and Italians may fairly be considered to have materially contributed in giving them the intellectual lead among the nations of Europe. This opens up a very extensive and interesting field of inquiry, which is divided into four great heads: the Influence of Mountains on Religious Temperament; upon Art and Literature; on War; and on Social Economy. Only the two first of these

heads are considered in the present volume, the others being reserved for future consideration. Mountains, we are informed, have always possessed the power of exciting religious enthusiasm, and of purifying religious faith.

“Among the fair arable lands of England and Belgium extends an orthodox Protestantism or Catholicism, prosperous, creditable, and drowsy; but it is among the purple moors of the highland border, the ravines of Mont Genève, and the crags of the Tyrol, that we shall find the simplest evangelical faith, and the purest Romanist practice.”

If we try to view, in a fair and unprejudiced spirit, the definite forms of solemn imagination which have arisen among the inhabitants of Europe, “we shall find, on the one hand, the mountains of Greece and Italy forming all the loveliest dreams first of the pagan and then of the Christian mythology; on the other hand, those of Scandinavia to be the first sources of whatever mental (as well as military) power was brought by the Normans into Southern Europe.” With regard to the influence of mountains upon Art, Mr. Ruskin remarks that it may be observed as one test of its extent that nearly all the genuine religious painters use *steep mountain distances*; while all the merely artistical ones, or those of intermediate temper, in proportion as they lose the religious element, use flat or simply architectural distances. Michael Angelo and Raphael, *being merely artists* (the italics are ours), show no love of mountains whatever. Tintoret is the first of the old painters who ever drew them rightly. Titian is conventional in his treatment of them, though he sometimes gives to his rocks and forests great grandeur and nobleness; and Paul Veronese is content with porticoes and pillars. Generally speaking, it will be found that the hill country communicates invention and depth of feeling to Art, and the lowlands executive neatness.

We may observe, in passing, that Mr. Ruskin's avowed preference and love for mountains, appears to have communicated a decided bias to this chapter, and especially to that part of it which we are now considering; many of the statements are marked by partiality and prejudice; those, for example, with regard to Salvator; and the claim made for the influence of mountains upon Paul Veronese is at variance with the testimony of facts, and seems to rest upon no stronger foundation than our author's determination to believe in it. Great Art is defined, in section 24, as “the art of dreaming.” If so, would not John Bunyan be the greatest writer that ever lived; and, perhaps, John Martin the greatest painter?

Mr. Ruskin's literary creed is certainly a peculiar one; and

his literary judgments and classification of great writers are characterized by originality rather than soundness. In this chapter there is much ingenious and eloquent speculation upon the influence of mountains on literature. Pascal and Bacon are contrasted, the former the type of the mountain, and the latter of the lowland influence upon character. Thereafter, a great deal of rambling, and fanciful conjecture, and confident assertion occurs with regard to Shakspeare, who cannot be claimed, even by Mr. Ruskin, as a recruit for his phalanx of mountaineers. He, therefore, sets himself to prove that his was a special and exceptional case, not in any way detracting from the general pre-eminence and superiority of mountains and mountaineers; but we do not think that all his ingenuity and eloquence will succeed in convincing any of his readers, who does not happen to be already as strong a partizan of the mountains as Mr. Ruskin himself.

The last few pages of this chapter contain perhaps the most splendid writing that even their highly gifted author has ever penned: the deaths of Moses and Aaron, and the Transfiguration of our Lord—those great scenes in the drama of the world's history, of which the "everlasting mountains" were the stage. We regret that our limits do not permit us to quote them entire, and we dare not venture to injure them by curtailment.

The Appendix to the Fourth Volume treats of the "Modern Grotesque; Rock Cleavage, and Logical Education"—a singular *mélange* of subjects. Under the first of these heads, a most vehement attack is made upon base criticism and critics; and *Blackwood's Magazine*, as one of the most flagrant offenders, is assaulted in a way to make Christopher North rise from his grave, shoulder his crutch, and rush to the rescue. *Maga* is condemned as having, "with grace, judgment, and tenderness peculiarly its own," bid the dying Keats "back to his gallipots;" as having "partly arrested the last efforts and shortened the life of Turner;" and, finally, as having, "with an infallible instinct for the wrong, given what pain it could, and withered what strength it could, in every great mind that was in any-wise within its reach, and made itself, to the utmost of its power, frost and disease of the heart to the most noble spirits of England."

Under the head of "Logical Education" we are told, that our present methods of culture are fundamentally wrong; the main things that we do is to teach our youth to *say* something glibly and forcibly; whereas our chief aim should be to teach them to *see* something. The "futilities" of our so-called educations are strongly dwelt upon and severely censured; and there is, perhaps, a good deal of truth in some of the remarks;

but we cannot consent to accept Mr. Ruskin as a safe guide upon such a subject. He piques himself, indeed, upon the logical nature of his mind, complacently informing his readers that he may mistake the meaning of a symbol or the angle of a rock-cleavage, but not draw an inconsequent conclusion; and, yet, at the same time, affirming, that "the power of perceiving logical relation is one of the rarest among men." We cannot, however, adopt Mr. Ruskin's own estimate of the infallibility of his logical acumen; the imaginative element seems to us much more highly developed in his character than the reasoning faculty. As a rhetorician there are few who can compare with him; as a logician many surpass him. He is seldom cool enough for a good reasoner, nor impartial enough for an unprejudiced judge. An ingenious special pleader, a most brilliant debater, and a powerful opponent, he certainly is; and if eloquent writing, and just views of the proper province of the Fine Arts always went together, he would be the safest guide and the truest teacher that has ever presented himself. But, unfortunately, error is oftener dressed out in the gaudy tinsel of rhetorical declamation than truth, and false teaching will, by many, be accepted for the sake of the fine writing in which it is conveyed. And it appears to us that Mr. Ruskin, in all earnestness and sincerity, and amidst much that is true, and useful, and appropriate, has frequently misled his readers by the brilliancy of his imagination and the beauty of his style; inducing them to attend to the manner in which a thing is said, rather than to the truth of the thing itself, and compelling them to look through a sort of rhetorical stereoscope, which gives an appearance of relief and reality to what is truly flat and deceptive.

ART. II.—*The Great World of London.* By Henry Mayhew. Bogue. 1856.

2. *London Labour and the London Poor.* Same Author. Geo. Newbold. 1856

3. *London Shadows: a Glance at the Homes of the Thousands.* By George Godwin, F.R.S., Editor of the *Builder*. Routledge. 1856.

4. *Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London.* By R. W. Vanderkiste, late London City Missionary. Nisbet. 1852.

5. *Houses with the Fronts Off.* Tenth Thousand. By James Hain Friswell. London: James Blackwood. 1855.

To know life—to see many cities and nations—fully to comprehend "the proper study of mankind," according to Pope's

hackneyed line—has been the desire of every one, saint or sinner, Christian philosopher, or heathen sage. This knowledge has many ways of acquirement. An old gentlemanly pagan, whose litter was, some eighteen hundred years ago, as well appointed in Rome, as any young nobleman's brougham in London now, tells us that he who has seen many towns and peoples and divers sorts of men, may be expected to have seen some "life." We moderns, although we have barely time "just to look about us and to die," find his advice very palatable. From the days of my Lord Duberly and his tutor, Doctor Pangloss, to the present day, scions of the wealthier classes, accompanied by their college tutor, jog on the grand tour of Europe to see "life." The shop-boy, freed from his chain for one or two days, steals off on a cheap trip; the citizen runs down into the provinces; the countryman comes up to town—all bent on the same purpose; and for those who cannot travel bodily, a couple of newspapers and innumerable books carry on the instructive lesson, all more or less qualified—all eager to proffer the never satisfying draught—all ready to offer the fruit—apples of the Dead Sea, so beautiful to look at, so bitter to the taste, dust and ashes in the mouth—the knowledge of "life."

To this passion it is our present intention to minister. As we are told by the Apostle Paul to "mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate," so we now propose to glance at the "low life" of London. In doing so we are quite aware that we are not entering either upon a new or an unexplored region. We will not only readily own that others have been before us, but we will point out the fact, that the fashion has lately run that way. The great novelist and moralist Henry Fielding, with a sarcastic glance at his rival Richardson, apologizes for leading his readers into such *low* society as that of Parson Adams, of the Philosopher Square, of Mrs. Slipslop, of Partridge and Fanny; and tells them that he will hereafter regale them with the conversation of lords. But since then the tide has turned, and the works of fiction may now be almost divided into two classes, viz., those which deal almost exclusively with the joys and sorrows of the rich, and those which cultivate solely the society of the poor; and the latter, showing us the horrible abodes, the troubles, the miseries of these Arabs of modern life, have been, and are, possibly, the most numerous and influential.

But there is one essential difference between these works and those which head the present article. *They* are works of fiction; ours of truth. They, although true and faithful copies, are drawn by men of imagination; ours, are but bare records of life.

They are as true as our own, but being the works of professed fictionists, they are not fully credited. "Do you believe, Mr. —?" said a lady very seriously to us, "Do you believe the poor are so *very* miserable as Dickens draws them? There *must* be some exaggeration." There are thousands who think as that lady did; but we hope that in calmly considering this paper, drawn not more from books than from experience, that many will alter their opinions.

Mr. Mayhew in the commencement of a work, which of all others should require the best arrangement, and which without it is most thoroughly and cruelly diffuse, quotes a French *mot* of M. Horace Say, "Londres n'est plus une ville, c'est une province couverte de maisons;" and the *mot* is both brilliant and true, but it does not convey the whole truth, as Mr. Mayhew shows us.

"London," says he "contains nine times as many souls as the most extensive division of the French empire, and it houses upwards of a quarter of a million more souls than any one county in Great Britain; besides this the population of the British metropolis exceeds by some five hundred thousand persons that of the whole of Hanover, or Saxony, or Wurtemberg; whilst the abstract portion of its people congregated on the Middlesex side of the river, outnumbers the entire body of individuals included in the Grand Duchy of Baden."

The remainder of this paragraph drawn from Haydn and McCulloch, is so interesting that we extract it, giving as it will some idea of the magnitude of London.

"Nay, more: towards the close of the fourteenth century, there were not nearly so many men, women, and children scattered throughout *all* England as there are now crowded within the capital alone.

"Further: assuming the population of the entire world, according to the calculations of Balbi (as given in the *Balance Politique du Globe*), to be 1,075 millions, that of the Great Metropolis constitutes no less than 1-450th part of the whole; so that, in every thousand of the aggregate composing the immense human family, two at least are Londoners.

"In short, London may be safely asserted to be the most densely-populated city in all the world—containing one-fourth more people than Pekin, and two-thirds more than Paris; more than twice as many as Constantinople; four times as many as St. Petersburg; five times as many as Vienna, or New York, or Madrid; nearly seven times as many as Berlin; eight times as many as Amsterdam; nine times as many as Rome; fifteen times as many as Copenhagen; and seventeen times as many as Stockholm."

It will be then fair for us to assume that at least five-eighths of this entire population comes within the term employed by

artists and writers to designate the working classes and the poor, "Low Life;" in fact as Mr. Mayhew has comprehensively described and classed the population—in a jumbling title which a few years' hence will be a curiosity, and which we present to the reader—we very much doubt whether a greater proportion than we have assigned may not be included in the term "low." The great world of London has, according to Mr. Mayhew:—

"Its Hard Life, its Easy Life; its Drawing-room and Garret Life; its Industrious, Idle, Business, and Pleasure Life; its Highways, and Byeways, and Slyways; its 'Pluralities of Worlds,' *e.g.*, of Fashion and Vulgo-Gentility, of Science, Art, Letters, Vanity, and Vice; its Lions and Puppies, Sharks and Gulls, Big-Wigs and Small Fry, Philosophers and Fast Men; its Lawyers, Doctors, Parsons, 'Magsmen,' Soldiers, Servants, Merchants, Shopmen, 'Duffers,' Authors, Artists, Showmen, Nobles, Swell-Mobsmen, and 'Shallow Coves;' its Palaces and Penitentiaries, Clubs, Merchant Halls, and Soup-Kitchens; its May-Fair and Rag-Fair; its Parks, Railways, Docks, Markets, Belgravia, and 'Padding-Kens;' its Exchanges and Banks; its Bill Discounters, Pawnbrokers, and 'Dolly-Shops;' its Hundreds of Miles of Streets and Sewers; its Crowds of Carriages and Carts, 'Busses,' 'Cabs,' and Costers'-trucks; its Law Courts and Judge and Jury Clubs; its Houses of Parliament and 'Cogers' Halls;' its Operas, Eagle Taverns, Cyder Cellars, and 'Coal Holes;' its Almshouses and Argyll Rooms, Spectacles, and 'Penny Gaffs;' its Churches, Chapels, May Meetings, and Freethinking Societies;—in fine, its Every-day and Out-of-the-way Scenes, Places, and Characters."

There is life enough here at any-rate. No artist of the Rembrandt school could be more fond of light and shade than Mr. Mayhew; but we cannot say that we admire his method of procuring an antithesis; "penny gaffs" and churches, chapels, and freethinking rooms, are too nearly approximated to please us.

That portion of the community to which we direct attention is peculiarly a class of its own. It has its own dialect, not the common vulgar cockney talk, which exchanges *v* for *w*, and which the caricaturists of twenty years ago used severely to satirize, but an organized slang, by which a secret communication can be carried on, and which is just as unintelligible to a quietly educated Englishman from the Midland counties, as the cipher of Marie Antoinette was to an innocent Parisian of 1792. These dialects—for there is more than one—Mayhew arranges into three classes. The first is Codger's, or beggar's cant, which our author tells us is—

"A style of language which is distinct from the slang of the thieves, being arranged on the principle of using words that are

similar in sound to the ordinary expressions for the same idea. 'S'pose now, your honour,' said a 'shallow cove,' who was giving us a lesson in the St. Giles's classics, 'I wanted to ask a codger to come and have a glass of rum with me, and smoke a pipe of baceer over a game of cards with some blokes at home—I should say, 'Splodger, will you have a Jack-surpass of finger-and-thumb, and blow your yard of tripe of nosey-me-knacker, while we have a touch of the broads with some other heaps of coke at my drum?'

"Again, we have the 'Coster slang,' or the language used by the costermongers, and which consists merely in pronouncing each word as if it were spelt backwards: 'I say, Curly, will you do a top of reeb (pot of beer)?' one costermonger may say to the other. 'It's on doog, Whelkey, on doog (no good, no good),' the second may reply. 'I've had a reg'lar troseno (bad sort) to-day. I've been doing dab (bad) with my tol (lot, or stock)—ha'n't made a yennep (peany), s'elp me.' 'Why, I've cleared a flatch-enore (half-a-crown) a ready,' Master Whelkey will answer perhaps. 'But kool the esilop (look at the police); kool him (look at him) Curly! Nommus! (be off). I'm going to do the tightner (have my dinner).'

"Lastly, comes the veritable slang, or English *argot*, i.e., the secret language used by the London thieves. This is made up, in a great degree, of the mediæval Latin in which the church service was formerly chanted, and which indeed gave rise to the term 'cant' (from the Latin *cantare*), it having been the custom of the ancient beggars to 'intone' their prayers when asking for alms. 'Can you roker Romay (can you speak cant)?' one individual 'on the cross' will say to another, who is not exactly 'on the square;' and if the reply be in the affirmative, he will probably add—'What is your monekeer (name)?—Where do you stall to in the huey (where do you lodge in the town)?' 'Oh, I drop the main toper (get out of the high-road),' would doubtless be the answer, 'and slink into the ken (lodging house) in the back drum (street).' 'Will you have a shant o' gatter (pot of beer) after all this dowry of parny (lot of rain)? I've got a teviss (shilling) left in my elye (pocket).'

We greatly doubt Mr. Mayhew's derivation of "cant." Johnson derives it from the word "quaint," which is, we think, farther from the truth than Mayhew. Certain, however, it is that the words now used as cant terms, are very old, and were well known, not only in Dr. Johnson's and in Swift's and Pope's days, but in those of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. At the end of Richard Broome's "Merry Beggars," there is a glossary of cant terms, all of which are now used. From Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," and from one or two other works of the elder dramatists, this kind of knowledge may be gleaned. Dick Broome, it will be remembered, was a servant and pupil of "Rare Ben Jonson," and as Ben had served as a common soldier and a bricklayer's labourer, he no doubt used his terms from real knowledge. That portions of the language may be

derived from the Latin is very probable, thus: "pannum" is bread (*panis*), and "patrico" is their priest (*pater*, a father), but whence comes "ken," a house, or "ruffin," the devil? Many are North-country words which are derived from the Danish; others are merely the symbol used instead of the name, thus, "stampers," are shoes; "darkman," the night; "bleater," mutton or sheep, and so on.

The utility of this kind of knowledge to the clergyman, to the city missionary, and to the police magistrate, and the power which it gives them over the populace who use these dialects, will be readily perceived. A magistrate in London is very much like his brother in India if he do not thoroughly understand the vernacular of the people over whom he presides; many of those, however, who sit upon the bench have distinguished themselves in this kind of learning, and we have heard one of the swell mob declare of one ornament to the magistracy, that he "could patter flash like an angel," *i. e.*, that he could speak to thieves in their own peculiar tongue.

But "low life" in London does not alone affect the tongue and the habits of the people; it stretches farther than that; it has its effect, not only upon this life, but upon that which is to come; with all the exertions which the various religious bodies, and the Church of England have made—and in this excellent work we wish not to put one before the other—not only is Christianity not thoroughly known, but four years ago only, a writer, who had spent a greater portion of his life in preaching the gospel to the poor, declared that, "Heathenism is the poor man's religion in the metropolis." "It is well," he writes, "for some to declare that the Church of England is the poor man's church, and for others to speak of Methodism as the poor man's religion, but neither of these statements is true;" and he goes on further to show, that in 1841, in the Island of Jamaica, out of a population of 380,000 souls, there were more communicants than in London, out of a population of 2,103,279; and further that, notwithstanding late efforts—the enemy having been still busier than we—infidelity is rather on the increase than the decrease; to which sad state of things, the desecration of the Sabbath by the government will give a stimulant rather than a stoppage.

To one portion of the "low life" of London, that portion which "coins its soul for drachmas," and pays down its nightly portion of sin for its morrow's bread, we can only here allude; but that indeed is a subject which should be thoroughly looked to, which no squeamishness should debar good men from examining, and which is alarmingly on the increase; one authority on the subject has placed the number of the class we allude to, either

totally professional, or occasional, at the immensely high figure of 150,000 in London alone! If we could only for a few moments attentively meditate upon this fact, we should indeed be struck with the amount of misery which must daily and nightly take place in the mighty mother-city, the modern Babylon the Great!

The occupations and the amusements of the people have an immense effect upon their morals. One cause of the sin of great cities, is the immense amount of labour which is performed in them. Those philosophers who talk, and talk truly, about idleness being the mother of all the vices, and the *injuncta noverca*, the step-mother of all the virtues, are quite right in their theory, but they have strained it too far, and like an ambitious vaulter, their plan "o'erleaps itself, and falls o' the t'other side." Not having decent leisure, having no time for the gentler affections and for self-cultivation, the worker in the towns runs into dissipation, and takes eagerly any amusement which is offered to him. This, competition amongst the caterers and the vicious state of society have rendered exciting, piquant, and exhilarating, as one of those observers upon whose books we build this article, shall show us:—

"A grand concert, gentlemen, every night—admission twopence, reserved seats sixpence. Bang, twang, and bang, goes the grand piano, that brilliant performer, Mr. Minim, having dropped his heavy fingers upon it, and the occupants of the bar rush through the door which admits them, to the body of the concert room. A few critical persons and many ladies (?) ascend the twisted stairs, and from the gallery, dignified into the name of the reserved seats, look on. Mr. Minim still continues playing. How the body of the hall is crowded! Husbands with their wives and babies too; sweethearts of the daughters thus brought up, who offer to the lady a pint pot, with the feelings if not the grace of an exquisite in another grade of life offering a bouquet. Waiters dodge about the forms, and tell the gentlemen in a peremptory tone to 'give their orders.' The gentlemen do, and steaming glasses of the worst spirits are brought in, and placed carefully upon the ledge which runs at the back of each seat.

"The connoisseurs of the audience are getting tired of Mr. Minim's thumps upon the worn-out piano, and bawl for the singers. The chairman, who sits at the foot of the raised stage with a transparency, and some slight attempt at scenery behind it, raps heavily upon the floor, and the comic singer enters. He is a heavy, gross man, of some celebrity no doubt before he came here, for he takes all sorts of familiar liberties with his audience. His face is absolutely purple upon all prominent parts, and his nose and thick lips inflamed with disease, wear the livery of that spirit he has so constantly worshipped. In the same cause, no doubt, his voice has become like the grand

piano—all the higher notes are worn out, and but one continuous bawl of thunder remains. Strike up, Mr. Vox, and bawl your worst; you have your audience cultivated to your taste. Mr. Vox does strike up. He is fashionably dressed in glossy black; but by buttoning up his coat, raising his shoulders, and hiding every vestige of linen, powerfully aided by his countenance and a very old shabby hat, he transforms himself into a vagabond upon the shortest notice, and bawls out the newest balderdash to the oldest tune. At every hit in the song, political or otherwise, the tavern lovers turn to explain to their tavern sweethearts, and the mothers jump and dandle their babies to the tune. Mr. Vox has, as a matter of course, an 'angcore'—so says the chairman—Mr. Vox will sing again. Retiring for a moment behind the transparency, Mr. Vox comes back with snowy shirt front and red face, and sings that which he had better have left unuttered. The girls titter, and the men grin, and the babies are still dandled to the tune, and the reeking air, divided by Mr. Vox's breath, goes up against the skylights of the room, seeking to pollute heaven by its corruptness.

"After another encore, Mr. Vox gives way to a young lady, who appears to think scarlet satin and mosaic jewellery the height of fashion. She sweeps in with a piece of music in her hands, although, as she evidently does not know a bar of it, and has sung the song some fifty times before, one cannot tell why she holds it. 'Miss Quaver will oblige,' says the chairman. Miss Quaver does oblige. 'Her mother won't let her marry.' You see how it is, such a fine lady as she is! how pert the girls think her, and what a duchess the young gentlemen imagine her. Poor thing! the scarlet satin has done her service in every concert room in London.

"Night grows on apace. The gentlemen, obedient to the pot-boy's call, give him more 'orders.' The babies fall asleep, or squall in concert with the singers. The young ladies lose what little modesty they had. Mr. Vox gets more bold and more blatant, and the round of entertainment—which includes Mr. Vox dressed as a waggoner, Miss Quaver with a straw hat on as a young lady from the country, another young lady with a Scotch name in a Highland fling, and the whole strength of the company in an opening chorus of some favourite opera—finishes at last. 'Twelve o'clock, gentlemen. It is Saturday night.' Pour out into the streets and shut the doors upon them, as disorganized and spent, if not positively drunk, the motley company salute the Sabbath morn.

"If one could follow that crowd home, one might moralize! Deep reflection, serious and calm thoughts, statesman and philanthropist, might be spent upon them. What time shall the parents have for thought or prayer, for cleanliness or godliness, when they huddle to bed at such an hour, down some narrow court? Place down the tired and the fevered child; there let it dream its infant life away with the hoarse voice of Mr. Vox, the 'celebrated comic singer,' ringing in its ears. Wearied with misspent hours, and annoyed by wasted money, let the brutal quarrel now ensue between the shrew wife who begs her weekly pittance to keep house, and the brutal and

inebriated husband. Spirits of evil! shut in my noisome cellars, or imprisoned in the squat casks above my bar! what once was part of you scours now the veins of hundreds of beings, and, whilst they lie in uneasy sleep, prepares the morbid apathy and the quick-coming disease of the morrow."

Now, in our opinion, there can be no question but that such entertainments as these tend materially to demoralize the population; and yet the statesman and the Christian have been forced to discover that a people cannot subsist without amusement. An ignorant people tickled, pleased, and coquetted with, may for a long time submit to the most rapacious and wicked of governments. The Romans of the later empire have taught us this. So long as they could obtain *panem et circenses* Didius Julianus might purchase the empire at an auction, or Elagabalus might disgust the world with his profligacy. But at the same time, it were unwise, because a vicious system of indulgence has paved the way for tyranny, to entirely destroy an innocent amusement. There is "a time to laugh," says Solomon, and the heathen poet echoes the sentiment. An occasional relaxation is wise and natural, and, therefore, virtuous and conformable with Christianity. When this is denied, the people rush into the opposite extreme; the puritanic severity of the Commonwealth, noble as it was, unfortunately induced with an uneducated people, the licentious pravity of the Restoration. In observing, therefore, on the "low life" of London, a chapter might easily, indeed should be, set aside for their amusements and indulgencies; and glancing for the last time at these, we assure the reader, that far from doing away with them, we would merely substitute the healthy and the elevating, for the low, the corrupt, the intoxicating and the impure. Ballad singing has been, and ever will be a favourite amusement of the workers, and if well managed and written, these ballads may address themselves to the noble, the domestic, the tender, nay the holy feelings of man's nature, just as well as to the sensual and low passions, which exist with the rich as well as the poor.

In the same street in which the blazing temple of insobriety in which our author hath pictured Mr. Vox as singing, stands, there are also to be found hundreds of poor, wretched people, whose subsistence is so scanty, that it does not permit them to dream of so grand an entertainment as that of Mr. Vox and his company, any more than it would of sitting with her Majesty at the Haymarket opera-house, and of listening to the trills of Alboni. For them, the itinerant ballad-monger strikes up his quavering or roaring notes. With them, the little stunted child crying in weak voice some negro ballad, is a master in song.

Doubtlessly they find beauty in such songsters, for they will reward him with farthings and halfpence ; that is, those who are comparatively rich amongst them ; and for the others, one may see them listening with pleasure and avidity to this eleemosynary concert, down the dark alley and the crowded court. That some of these songs are improper and nonsensical, there is no doubt ; but that the large majority have a great deal of rude pathos, and even poetry and power in them, speaks volumes for the kindly hearts and feelings of that noble race, the British poor. Let the recollection of the melody be ever so faint, the words of the song ever so poor, you shall see the crowd listen — *attentisque auribus adstant*, — to the sorrows of “Lucy Neal,” or the troubles of “Ben Bolt.”

“ Oh, don’t you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,  
Near the green sunny slope of the hill ;  
Where we oft have sung ’neath its wide-spreading shade,  
And kept time to the click of the mill.  
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,  
And a quiet now reigns all around,  
See, the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,  
Lies scattered and fall’n to the ground.”

We present this verse to our country readers, who have often in quiet parlours listened to the same song, as a protest against the supposition, that the “low people” like everything that is low. The song is of itself not very fine, but it has about it an appeal to the heart which with those who listen to it, equals the tenderness of Chapelle, or the pastorals of Guarini. These songs too arise from the people, with whom they are so popular. After the battle of the Alma, one was bawled about the holes and corners of London, and eagerly bought by the denizens thereof, which we believe has not achieved the popularity of the middle-class drawing-room, but which spoke to many a widowed heart, and to many thousands of those whose true aspirations make the glory of the country. Its verses ran as follows :—

“ Mother, is the battle over ?  
Thousands have been slain they say,  
Is my father coming ?—tell me,  
Have the English gained the day ?  
Is he well, or is he wounded—  
Mother, do you think he’s slain ?  
If you know I pray you tell me  
Will my father come again ? ”

Of course the purport of the song requires that the father is slain ; and the poet winds up in sad doggrel, but with a touch of true pathos :—

“ He died for old England’s glory ;  
 Our day may not be far between,  
 But I hope at the last moment  
 That we all shall meet again.”

We repeat that these songs are infinitely purer and better than the songs of the drawing-room, sixty, fifty, aye, or forty years ago. In Doctor Johnson’s time—the grave old fellow himself wrote love songs—ladies perpetrated compositions of a very curious tendency, and not only curious, but prurient. These have crept into our most modest collections, and some of them may be even found in Dr. Knox’s “Elegant Extracts, and in Dodsleys “Collection of Poems ;” in the books of fugitive poetry of the period they abound. The contrast is, therefore, much to be noted, is very pleasing, and gives us great hope for the people of England, for when purity and true feeling exists in “low life,” there happiness will exist also. A great patriot declared, that he did not care who made the laws of a country so that he made the songs, and very often the happiness of a people is more endangered by a bad song than by a bad law.

The literature of the lowest classes is worthy of our attention. Taken on the whole, in this year of 1856, the observation will not prove discouraging, nor shall we find the tone of morals, or the class of ideas instilled by cheap literature, so degrading as many would have us suppose. A long and a wide acquaintance with the subject, undertaken for a specific purpose, gives us the right to declare this *ex cathedra*. Impure literature circulates in its worst form amongst the *roués* and *débauchés* of high life. With the poor, literature and a taste for reading exist together with the very natural fact, that they purify and improve themselves. The act of writing novels and constructing tales, though rudely practised, is yet much better done now for the poor than it used to be. To be sure we have stupid young ladies who will write to more stupid editors and ask their advice, as to whether they shall marry the “fair gentleman” who is so “insinuating,” or the “dark young man” whose eyes are so “romantic ;” but very luckily these things are now confined to the kitchen and the milliner’s workroom, and they in a few short months disgust their most ardent admirers. But there is much comfort in knowing that ladies of title a few years ago, passed through the same ordeal, and that the *Ladies’ Miscellany*, and that little monthly, which Oliver Goldsmith edited for the bookseller, Griffith, contained precisely the same, and even much worse and more mischievous questions. In the library of the British Museum, are hundreds of such dead inanities, affording fine texts for one who should preach upon human folly and weakness, but also conveying consolation and hope, when we

find that the mental epidemic rages now amongst the lowest and most ignorant classes, instead of the highest and most educated. The truth is, that the taste of our titled great grandmothers was considerably worse than that of our untaught cooks and housemaids is at present. When we remember that the *Bon Ton Magazine* was very popular, and that the scandalous *tête-à-têtes* in the *Town and Country Magazine* were greedily perused, we shall not doubt the assertion.

As regards the non-assertion of Christianity, and often, indeed, the strange way in which religion itself is ignored in the popular journals—one of these boasts of a sale of a quarter of a million copies and of six times that number of readers—we have only to say that the fact exists and is to be deeply deplored. With regard to one of these journals the case is perhaps worse. It is edited by a clever man—one, indeed, of wide intelligence and information—but who is, unfortunately, so latitudinarian that he doubts everything, and what is more, he suggests his doubts to other and weaker minds. The harm done by such a man is incalculable. But lower than these, by many, many fathoms' measure, are certain purveyors of literature for the poor, in the shape of last-dying speeches and songs. Copies of the songs, verses of which we printed above, proceeded from the same celebrated press in Seven Dials: for it is in that populous neighbourhood, in the neighbourhood of Monmouth Street, and in the region of the Jews and old clothesmen, that the *muse populaire* dwells and flourishes. Curiously, the place has suffered no change during a whole century. Fielding, in his exquisite burlesque of "Tom Thumb," places in the mouth of Lord Doodle the excellent apothegm:—

—————"What is honour?

A Monmouth-street laced coat gracing to-day  
My back, to-morrow glittering on another's."

And cast-off garments and vamped boots form the staple commodities of the place now. Here it is then that Catnach and Pitts, the rival publishers—the Tonson and Curll, the Murray and Bentley, of the greater literary world—employ their poets and retail their wares. If they chance to hit upon a popular ballad they realize large sums by it; but it is not every song, any more than every book, that achieves a notoriety. The consequence is that the number of "dead" ballads deducts much from the profit of those which may be said to live, and this necessarily subtracts, on the score of dead stock, from the price paid to the poet, so that Pope's ill-natured saying of Phillipps that he "turned a Persian tale for half-a-crown,"—i.e., that he put it in verse—is more than realized by the ballad-maker of Seven Dials. These blind Homers get but

eighteen-pence each for their *Iliad*, which, after all, is perhaps as much as they are worth.

As every day does not afford a subject for a song, the poet for the people is often driven to exercise his imagination, and he then produces a "cock;" that is, in the slang of the district, a fabrication of some outrageous kind, which is bawled about the streets by the stentorian gentlemen of that profession, and which, out of mere curiosity, calls the heads of the neighbourhood out of their houses. Sometimes it is a story of an uncommitted murder. Sometimes it is a scandalous account of the elopement of Mrs. S—— with Mr. T——, both of the street or parish in which it is hawked. These often sell largely, especially in the country, but the Londoners are becoming awake to the ingenuity of the Seven Dials' authors. In "low life" especially is exhibited that morbid craving after excitement which always accompanies ignorance; accounts of "murders" and "last-dying speeches," printed on these broad sheets, are sold, not by thousands, but by tens of thousands of copies.

Our readers will not, perhaps, be surprised to find that the criminal population of London, although existing within the limits inhabited by the poor and needy, are yet not of them, but a totally distinct class. The fact is, that the very poor of this great city, are "destroyed for lack of knowledge," (*Hosea* iv. 6)—of any kind of education, whereas the thieves of London are an educated class, indeed learned—learned in deceit, in a knowledge of man, and in their business and art. Mr. Mayhew, who has devoted a great deal of time to this particular branch of study, has arranged for us the different kinds of people who form in London, as in all great cities, a distinct class of beings, but who have an essential connexion with "low life:"—

"There is a distinct class of persons who have an innate aversion to any settled industry, and since work is a necessary condition of the human organization, the question becomes, 'How do such people live?' There is but one answer—If they will not labour to procure their own food, of course they must live on the food procured by the labour of others.

"The means by which the criminal classes obtain their living constitute the essential points of difference among them, and form, indeed, the methods of distinction among themselves. The 'Rampsmen,' the 'Drummers,' the 'Mobsmen,' the 'Sneaksmen,' and the 'Shofulmen,' which are the terms by which the thieves themselves designate the several branches of the 'profession,' are but so many expressions indicating the several modes of obtaining the property of which they become possessed.

"The 'Rampsmen,' or 'Cracksmen,' plunders by force—as the burglar, footpad, &c.

"The 'Drummer,' plunders by stupefaction—as the 'hocusser.'

"The 'Mobsmen,' plunders by manual dexterity—as the pick-pocket.

"The 'Sneaksmen,' plunders by stealth—as the petty-larceny boy.

And

"The 'Shofulman' plunders by counterfeits—as the coiner.

"Now, each and all of these are a distinct species of the criminal genus, having little connexion with the others. The 'cracksmen,' or housebreaker, would no more think of associating with the 'sneaksmen,' than a barrister would dream of sitting down to dinner with an attorney. The perils braved by the housebreaker or the footpad, make the cowardice of the sneaksmen contemptible to him; and the one is distinguished by a kind of bull-dog insensibility to danger, while the other is marked by a low, cat-like cunning.

"The 'Mobsmen,' on the other hand, is more of a handicraftsman than either, and is comparatively refined, by the society he is obliged to keep. He usually dresses in the same elaborate style of fashion as a Jew on a Saturday (in which case he is more particularly described by the prefix 'swell'), and 'mixes' generally in the 'best of company,' frequenting, for the purposes of business, all the places of public entertainment, and often being a regular attendant at church, and the more elegant chapels—especially during charity sermons. The mobsmen takes his name from the gregarious habits of the class to which he belongs, it being necessary for the successful picking of pockets that the work be done in small gangs or mobs, so as to 'cover' the operator.

"Among the 'Sneaksmen,' again, the purloiners of animals (such as the horse-stealers, the sheep-stealers, &c.) all, with the exception of the dog-stealers, belong to a particular tribe; these are agricultural thieves, whereas the mobsmen are generally of a more civic character.

"The 'Shofulmen,' or coiners, moreover, constitute another species; and upon them, like the others, is impressed the stamp of the peculiar line of roguery they may chance to follow as a means of subsistence.

"Such are the more salient features of that portion of the habitually dishonest classes who live by *taking* what they want from others. The other moiety of the same class, who live by getting what they want *given* to them, is equally peculiar. These consist of the 'Flatcatchers,' the 'Hunters,' and 'Charley Pitchers,' the 'Bouncers,' and 'Besters,' the 'Cadgers,' and the 'Vagrants.'

"The 'Flatcatchers,' obtain their means by false pretences—as swindlers, duffers, ring-droppers, and cheats of all kinds.

"The 'Hunters,' and 'Charley Pitchers,' live by low gaming—as thimblig-men.

"The 'Bouncers,' and 'Besters,' by betting, intimidating, or talking people out of their property.

"The 'Cadgers' by begging and exciting false sympathy.

"The 'Vagrants,' by declaring on the casual ward of the parish workhouse.

"Each of these, again, are unmistakably distinguished from the rest. The 'Flat-catchers' are generally remarkable for great shrewdness, especially in the knowledge of human character, and ingenuity in designing and carrying out their several schemes. The 'Charley Pitchers' appertain more to the conjuring or sleight-of-hand and black-leg class. The 'Cadgers,' on the other hand, are to the class of cheats what the 'Sneaksmen' is to the thieves—the lowest of all—being the least distinguished for those characteristics which mark the other members of the same body. As the 'Sneaksmen' is the least daring and expert of all the 'prigs,' so is the 'Cadger' the least intellectual and cunning of all the cheats. A 'Shallow cove'—that is to say, one who exhibits himself half-naked in the streets, as a means of obtaining his living—is looked upon as the most despicable of all creatures, since the act requires neither courage, intellect, nor dexterity for the execution of it. Lastly, the 'Vagrants' are the wanderers—the English Bedouins—those who, in their own words, 'love to shake a free leg'—the thoughtless and the careless vagabonds of our race."

These descriptions, in the main true, are distinguished by that spirit of exaggeration which attaches to Mr. Mayhew's writings. The classes are not so distinct as he would make out, and "cracksmen" and "sneaksmen" are to be found together, just as barristers and attorneys congregate at the same table. The bar has its etiquette, but it is often broken through, and "low life" like *haut ton*, not only sometimes, but often, lays aside its rules, and submits to necessity.

The earnings of these men whom Mr. Mayhew has classed for us, are frequently very high, but the devil is a bad paymaster, and the gains of vice are precarious. "I'd rather," said a reformed thief to the narrator, "live upon a pennorth o' bread a-day, got honestly, than have lots of *grub* the other way—that I would; not but what there's a deal to be made, particularly by handkerchiefs, but you're always in fear, your conscience wont let yer rest, every sound you hears, it may be on the passage or on the stairs when you're a-bed, any how, you starts up and thinks it's some peeler come to take yer!" The same man knew two housebreakers, who "would think it a bad night's work when they went out, if their share was not a hundred pounds, but they was always poor, poor as he was, with not a sixpence to bless themselves with."

The money earned by thieves is always, or almost always, spent in low debauchery, and dissipated as soon as acquired. Around them there are ever cunning and brutal flatterers and hangers-on; the burglar is more secret now, but he still has his courtiers and admirers, just as he did when Jack Sheppard made himself famous, and Jonathan Wild was employed by a weak and infamous government as a thief-catcher. Thieves them-

selves are shunned as much by the honest poor, as by the honest rich, but there is a bond between them which keeps them very much together, and that bond is the persecution experienced from the police. From these men in office, whether at a fire, a review, a crowd, or in their own dark alley, the poor of London get but rough treatment. Brought up in a hard school, frequently untaught themselves, and imported from the country into London, the policemen regard everybody who is not a "householder" as one of the "dangerous classes" whom he must "put down." The phrase used, is and has been a favourite with the officer and police magistrate; and some years ago a London alderman, dressed in a little brief authority, talked grandly about the wickedness of self-murder, and assured a miserable and ruined girl, who had attempted to drown herself, that he had determined, "with the aid of the police to put down suicide." Such a speech, smacking more of magisterial zeal than of Christian sympathy, is yet remembered and repeated by the poor and miserable.

Suicide is, however, much less frequent among the "low" people than the high. They are often so poor that they have not spirit enough to kill themselves, and they endure unheard-of hardships. If any one is curious about this fact let him station himself, upon a bitter night, of which our climate affords many even in spring and early summer, at one of those refuges for the homeless and the outcast, which private charity has established in many portions of the town. He will there meet such haggard, downcast, miserable wretches, such faded, troubled, and worn-out specimens of humanity, that he will wonder at that persistence in life which, for so long a time, keeps body and soul together. If Dives ever in a repentant mood, touched by a wandering gleam of Christian charity, or by a sermon from some conscientious minister of Christ, should go forth to meet his Lazarus, he would not in London have very far to wander. Mr. Vanderkiste, in his deeply interesting work, tells us the trials which poor people endure before they attempt suicide. He is merely relating the every-day experience of a London City Missionary.

"These people" (he is speaking of an industrious family, the support of which was discharged upon a reduction of hands) "were actually starving; they had been without food for two days. I immediately gave them some money for food, which was instantly procured, and on eating it, the wind in both the parents occasioned so much hysterics that I was really alarmed. Another poor man," he continues, "described to me the effects of his fasting for three days. 'The first day,' said he, 'taint so werry bad if you has a bit of 'baccar; the second, its horrid,

it is sich gnawing; the third day 'taint so bad again; you feel sinkish like and werry faintish." Another man he visited was "gnawing something black," which proved to be a bone picked from a dunghill, and in a state of decomposition. He adds, "I could fill a volume with accounts of cases of extreme distress and actual starvation."

The misery thus experienced tells upon the poor creatures at last; and at the door of every police court hangs a black board, upon which printed formula, headed "FOUND DEAD," are pasted, which are filled up in the handwriting of the police inspector. Many of these (about twelve cases are constantly "before the public") are no doubt instances of accidental death, &c., such as drowning, but many, too many, alas! are evidently those from starvation and exhaustion: the back room, garret, or ditch, where they are found, the scant clothing, the sunken cheeks and eyes all betoken it; the parish doctor who is called in to view the corpse never doubts it.

The dwellings of the poor and low in London, are perhaps more wretched, miserable, and contagious, than those of any people in the world. Modern improvement has done something to remedy this, but there is yet much to do. Every summer, cholera and typhus make lanes amongst the "low life;" and although Field Lane and many of its adjacent courts have been pulled down, yet the police are continually obliged to issue notices against the overcrowding of the lodging houses, and in many and many a court and alley, two or three families inhabit the same room. Men and their wives, and other grown-up women, occupy the same beds, brothers and sisters of mature ages share the same sleeping apartment, and yet the rent paid for these rooms is enormous, eighteen pence, two shillings, and half-a-crown per week being frequently given for a third, fourth, or fifth share of a miserable room. Many of these on the ground floor have cesspools beneath them! "It is a dreadful task," writes a correspondent of Mr. Godwin, "a task to make the heart ache, and the head fail—to revolve in powerless silence the manifold misery of the London poor. Imagination dares not dwell upon the probable ravages of death, among wretches huddled upon a few rotten planks over reeking cesspools, inhaling the breath that streams from the huge nostrils of drafty sewers, or chained to the gates of men who poison their fellow-creatures in scoffing security." "Who must account," again asks the same writer, "for the lives of those innocent multitudes that you fling from the very cradle to the grave?" Ay! who indeed? We can pursue this portion of our theme no longer; the monster evil must be cured by a monster reform, but the time has not yet arrived for it,

and the populace, diverted by war and political events, seem, at the time we write, more anxious about the trial of one poisoner, than about the cause which poisons thousands upon thousands. But we must remark this, that in London alone, killed by over-work, bad pay, adulterated food, impure lodgings, starvations, and other causes which act upon "low life," 20,000 human beings every year prematurely fill miserable graves provided by the parish or their wretched friends.

If our limits are exhausted our subject is not; the food, the Sunday and Saturday night market, the pittance paid for a week of close hard work, the method of spending Sabbath—generally in low debauchery or in uneasy and exhausting sleep—the ignorance which pervades "low life" in London, have all to be examined. We cannot of course do that in a few sentences which Mr. Mayhew failed to do in one bulky volume of 1200 pages, and to which he now finds it necessary to add a supplement which promises to be of a much larger size. Of all kinds of deprivation, that which concerns the mind is, in a Christian country, the most cruel and the most unwise. The man who is taught to read and think will keep himself out of his misery; but he who is ignorant must be assisted, and not only that, but he will constantly need that assistance. We have quoted Mr. Vanderkiste's assertion that "Heathenism is the religion of the metropolis," we will add to it the opinion and experience of Mr. Godwin and ourselves. In "Short's Gardens," Drury Lane, children may be met with of ten and twelve years of age, who have never heard of God, and who when asked about Jesus Christ, "didn't know the gentleman's name," and had not heard it except in a drunken oath. Poor children! they had need learn it, for they are soon summoned before the bar of God. The average length of life about that district with the tradesmen and the gentlemen is forty-five years,—with the representative of "low life" it is but sixteen! This fact speaks for itself. But besides preparing him for another world, education would prolong the poor creature's life in this. From a very extensive observation, one writer declares "that in all those whom he has observed battling nobly with the tremendous difficulties of extreme poverty, and maintaining a degree of order, cleanliness, and endeavour after spiritual life, only to be secured by great and incessant exertion, it has been found that in nearly all cases the parties had in youth, attended some National, or British, or other charity school." If education will and does do this—the scanty education, remember, hastily cropped by the poor—what would not a more wide, wise, and extended plan effect towards eradicating the follies, vices, and miseries ever attendant upon "Low Life in London."

ART. III.—*Text of the Concordat between His Holiness Pope Pius IX., and his Imperial Royal and Apostolic Majesty Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria.* Published at Vienna by Imperial Patent of November 5th, 1855.

2. *Twenty Additional Articles: A Letter of H. E. the Prince-Archbishop of Vienna, to H. E., the Cardinal-Pro-nuncius Viale Prela.* Vienna. Agency of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*. 1856.
3. *Diplomatic Papers of 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1834,* from Klüber's "Important Documents for the German Nation." Mannheim. 1845.
4. *Documents Referring to the State of the Catholic Church since 1803, and to the Policy of Austria and Prussia in 1848, 1849, and 1850.* From Baron Von Andlaw's "Revolution in Baden." Friburg. 1851.

THE din of actual warfare being hushed for awhile, our attention is drawn to another scene where, at this moment, a struggle for supremacy over the mind of man is going on, not the less effectual because the weapons employed are neither bayonets nor grape shot. In this contest spiritual interests are involved of scarcely less importance than the political ones which actuated the late war with Russia. On the shores of the Crimea the struggle was one of resistance to a universal empire of a Greco-Catholic Czar. The point now at issue in the episcopal conferences at Vienna is, whether Central Europe is again to submit to a universal dominion of the Roman Pope. In saying "the point at issue," we do however not fully express the extent of the danger; for, more correctly speaking, it is no longer a matter of doubt, at least as regards the government of the greatest empire of Central Europe. The truth is, by the Concordat between Pius Nono and Francis Joseph I., the hierarchic supremacy of the Holy See is already established. All we have now to learn is, by what special statutes the principle of theocracy will be carried out in Austria; and for these particulars we have to look to the great episcopal synod which, since April 6th, held its sittings at Vienna as a sovereign *assemblée constituante* of the Catholic church.

Whilst awaiting the publication of the decrees which this synod has been preparing for the enslavement of the world, we may discuss the text and bearing of the Concordat itself. And let us here at once remark, that through this remarkable convention, the court of Rome has achieved one of those triumphs over mankind that would have gladdened the heart of a Gregory VII., or Innocent III. In the middle of this nineteenth century, in this era of progress and enlightenment, the Roman

church has suddenly come forward in Austria in all the monstrous arrogance of its mediæval pretensions. At a time when a Protestant, a Mahometan, and two Catholic countries had, without jealousy of faith, united to resist Muscovite attempts at universal dominion, the Holy See contrived to effect a revival of Papal dominion, so utterly at variance with the spirit of the present day, that the mind in contemplating it is carried back to the darkest epochs of the Middle Ages. We almost refuse credit to our sight when reading this Concordat of 1855. Since the remote times when popes used the necks of kaisers as stepping-stones to mount the pontifical mule, there is scarcely an instance to be found in history of so daring an assumption of priestly privileges, and such an utter abnegation of secular power. There, in a document drawn up by the pro-nuncio of the pontiff, and countersigned by the chief imperial royal minister, it is virtually stipulated that the Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia and Hungary, &c., &c., is henceforth to be but a delegate of the Holy Chair. The sceptre of Hapsburg-Lorraine is to be hidden in the shadow of the Pontifical crosier. Strange spectacle! The despotic sovereign of one of the most populous empires in Europe,—a ruler who in the many states under his sway has to conciliate races the most different and creeds the most heterogeneous,—the possessor of a crown whose wearers, in times bygone, have often warred against Romish arrogance, nay, ravaged with fire and sword the city of the Seven Hills,—he now prostrates himself at the feet of a foreign spiritual prince! He recognizes in his ancient rival his superior! He invites him, as it were, to an unlimited dominion over the vast countries from the Carpathians to the Po!

According to this Concordat, the subjects of Austria have now no longer to look to the Hofburg at Vienna, but to the Vatican, for all that regards not only matters of worship, church administration, and clerical domains, but also the closest concerns of social and political life—marriages, education, liberty of the press, nay, even criminal law and financial administration. In future, not the secular law, but canonic rules—called in the convention the “law of God,”—are paramount in the empire of the Hapsburg. An alien pontiff, the self-styled “Vicar of the Almighty” and “impersonation of Christ,” is alone declared competent to lay down the basis of social order in Austria. *He* is to dictate the measure of spiritual, and even political, felicity to be enjoyed by the German and the Magyar, the Galician Pole and the Szekler of the Banate, the polished inhabitant of Lombardy and Venice, and the savage Slavonian of Croatia. That alien pontiff is instituted a censor of all the

thoughts of the country; he is the superintendent of public and private instruction. At his and his minions' command, the armed force and police authorities of Austria lend their bayonets and fetters to the clerical power. The magistracy of the empire bow subordinate to his priests. His sovereign decrees go forth among the Austrian races, and have full validity there without any *placitum regium*. At his order the exchequer of the state must endow new priestly livings; he levies tithes at his pleasure; and where he thinks it prudent to refrain from that mode of raising contributions, he is at liberty to take real state property as indemnification. And criminals find refuge in his churches from secular justice! (Art. II.—XXXIII.) Why, however, enumerate details or specify immunities? It is enough to quote Articles I. and XXXIV. of the convention. There the Emperor of Austria pledges himself that the church of Rome shall enjoy, in his dominions, all those privileges which have been, are, or will be, claimed by any pope, at any time, in virtue of the so-called ordinances of God and laws of the Canon. (. . . “*quibus frui debet ex Dei ordinatione et canonicis sanctionibus.*”)

Thus, by a stroke of the pen, the last remains of the power Joseph II., the “enlightened despot,” had wrested from the Pontificate, are again laid at St. Peter’s footstool by Francis Joseph I. Thus the subserviency exhibited by bigot Ferdinand II. towards the Holy Chair is surpassed a hundred-fold by the present Austrian sovereign. The political institutions of his empire, the intellectual and moral development of his subjects, the most delicate relations of their private life, are all professedly given over to the mercy of a set of gloomy inquisitors who, bent upon carrying out the fell doctrines of Laynez and Bobadilla, are rendering the active humanity around them but a lifeless corpse,—*sicut cadaver*.

Such, at least, are the formal concessions of Austria to Rome. Such is the verbal tenor of the Concordat. The medal, however, has its reverse; and it is necessary to examine whether this apparent act of unheard-of devotion on the part of Austria does not conceal some secret designs of statesmanship.

And first and foremost, due caution must be observed before accepting the belief that the Austrian government becomes so docile a vassal of the Holy Chair from pure superstitious zeal for the glory of the cross keys of St. Peter. Any opinion based on such a belief would be most superficial. Whoever has studied the crooked ways and hidden approaches through which the “Florentine” diplomacy of Austria is accustomed to pursue its purposes, must easily perceive that the Concordat, although bearing on its face a pre-eminently pontifical stamp, is but a sort of palimpsest having another — political — text

beneath. Fortunately, the key is not altogether wanting for the deciphering the sense of this hidden writing. The general tendencies of the House of Hapsburg would of themselves enable us to form a pretty correct surmise; but a special light is afforded us by a mass of state-papers, in which the innermost thoughts of Austrian statesmen, from 1815—1850, are registered. (*Vide Klüber and Andlaw.*) The task is further facilitated by various important hints thrown out recently by both Austria and Rome in their semi-official organs, for the information of their own adherents.

The opinion, then, that forces itself upon us as to the political bearing of the Concordat, appears to be this:—Through it despotic Austria bids among the ultramontane and feudal parties of Germany for an extension of her influence in the confederation. Through this Concordat she hopes to rally round her black-yellow standard the greater part of the media-tized nobility and secularized clergy of the *ci-devant* German empire. Through the Concordat, by rendering herself the foremost champion of Catholicism, she intends to out-rival the pro-Catholic influence of the Emperor of France; to confirm and develop Hapsburg rule at the priest-ridden courts of Central and Southern Italy; and to sap the liberal institutions of Piedmont. By this Concordat, she procures an ally in the powerful “Society of Jesus” for the coming struggle against the re-awakening spirit of liberty. And further, if the significant language of certain Loyalist organs can be relied on, the Concordat has served to the government of Vienna as a means of re-establishing good relations with that influential portion of the ultra-montanists who, of late, have borne some ill will to Austria on account of her non-participation in the contest against a schismatic Pope-Czar. In a word, items of calculation the most various have combined to produce this extraordinary convention.

True, the influence of the Jesuit director on the superstitious mind of his imperial shriveling may have contributed to obtain these concessions from Austria. The leading feature of the Concordat, however, consists of a certain *political macchiavellism*, represented at Vienna by the ambitious mother of the Emperor, the Archduchess Sophia, and her partisans. Remembering the large share the Archduchess still has in the government of Austria, and considering the vastness of the well-known projects of restoration she fosters, we cannot but consider the Concordat as the solemn confirmation of a league, between Kaiser and Pope, for the re-establishment of a mediæval state of things, such as existed before the overthrow of the German empire in 1806. Indeed, the Concordat exhibits one of the last links in

a long chain of intrigues, semi-religious, semi-political, which have been played in Germany, for upwards of forty years, by Austria and Rome united. A reference to events from 1815-50 will solve all doubts in this respect, and help to clear up the motives the court of Austria has had in agreeing to the demands of Pius IX.

To rightly comprehend the relation in which Austrian monarchs have stood, ever since the Vienna Congress, towards the Holy Chair, a momentary review should be taken of the important political changes wrought out in Central Europe during the Napoleonic epoch. It will then be easily understood how the interests of Kaiser and Pope—often so antagonistic in former times—could be brought to act together in complete accordance.

When Napoleon I. destroyed, in 1806, the last vestiges of German unity, by overturning that incongruous mediæval fabric, the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation," Austria found herself suddenly deprived of her supremacy in Central Europe. Her ruler was forced, through the defection of his vassal princes, to abdicate the imperial crown of the Othos and Friederichs. The frontier of Austria, formerly encompassing almost all Germany, was thrown back behind Bavaria and Switzerland; that is, removed from all contact with France. Her deadly rival, Protestant Prussia, was installed in the full rights of a European power. A number of smaller German principalities were enlarged by the annexation of other petty territories, and created into sovereign duchies independent of any imperial suzerainty. In fine, the idea Richelieu and Mazarin had indulged in, of breaking up the consolidation of the house of Austria, and of destroying at the same time the political unity of the German nation; this idea which guided France, Sweden, and other powers in the treaty of Westphalia, was now carried out triumphantly by the Corsican conqueror. This was a fearful blow to the dynasty of Hapsburg, the "ancient enemy of France."

But the dissolution of the German empire had not only uprooted the political superiority of Austria. It equally shook to its very foundations the influence Rome had exercised in Central Europe. Before Napoleon I. had assumed the protectorship of the Rhineband, the Roman church wielded in Germany considerable power by the existence of priestly governments, such as those of the electors and prince-archbishops of Cologne, Trèves, Mentz, and other spiritual sovereigns. These petty ecclesiastical governments formed as it were "states of the church,"—papal territories, within the German empire. Now by the secularization of 1803, all this was overthrown! The

arch-priests lost their territorial sovereignty. Their dominions were given over to some lucky secular prince. Many a district with a Catholic population was placed under the sceptre of Protestant sovereigns, and the Catholic church everywhere subjected to the high superintendence of the state. The principles of the treaty of Westphalia were carried out to an extent extremely injurious to the ascendancy of the Holy See. Henceforth the Roman church, even in states almost purely Catholic, lost its privilege as a "ruling church." If to all this we add that, by the overthrow of the ancient German constitution, the power of the "apostolical" majesty of Austria was considerably reduced to the advantage of "heretic" Northern Germany, it will at once be explained why the court of Rome, and that of Vienna, made common cause of their dissatisfaction with the state of things created in 1803 and 1806. It will also render clear the reason of both these powers conspiring together, after the defeat of Napoleon, for a restoration of the *status quo ante*.

No sooner, indeed, was the French empire vanquished, and the congress of sovereigns assembled at Vienna, in 1814, than Francis I., having previously concerted with Pius VII., brought forward, through his plenipotentiary, Prince Metternich, a plan for the re-establishment of Austrian supremacy. (Project of October 16, 1814, laid before the special commission for German affairs at the Congress of Vienna.) According to this plan, the house of Austria, though not formally reassuming the imperial purple of Germany, would yet in reality have lorded it as of old. The project, foreshadowing as it did a re-establishment of the mediatised and secularized sovereignties, had the warm support of the Roman church. The chief of that church, during his captivity in France, had had ample time to discover that no alliance could be found more desirable for his tottering throne than that of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine.

The German nation, on its own behalf, had nothing to gain, on the side of independence and liberty, in this proposed renewal of a supremacy of the Hispano-Catholic monarchs of Austria. But the individual independence of sovereign German princes had assuredly something to lose by this intended reappointment of a strong suzerain power over their heads. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Austrian scheme was forthwith opposed by an energetic refusal of Prussia, Hanover, Wurtemberg, and a number of newly created dukes. Jealous of their recently acquired absolute sovereignty (*landesfürstliche Machtvollkommenheit*), they would not consent to any diminution of it in favour of a strong central power, or in favour of clerical privileges. They would not consent to any other constitution of Germany,

than as an "alliance of entirely independent princes;" if possible, with a *liberum veto* for every petty potentate ruling one square mile or two of territory. Before all, they desired to maintain themselves in the enjoyment of the power they had wrested, under Napoleonic dictation, from both Emperor and Pope.

It may be conceived that the prevalence of such ideas presented a bar to Austro-Catholic designs. The blow most deeply felt was, however, given by the interference of Russia. The Czar Alexander I., whose intentions of exercising a protectorate over Central Europe are well known, looked with suspicion upon every plan capable of giving to Germany even the semblance of a greater internal cohesion. All the despotic merits Prince Metternich's project possessed, could not, in the Autocrat's opinion, outweigh the injury that would be done to the interests of Russia, by the adoption of the Austro-Catholic plan of organization. Alexander I., therefore, united his intrigues to the resistance of the smaller German states. Thus the Court of Vienna was forced to withdraw the proposition it had concerted with Rome, and to subscribe—with rather an unwilling hand—to the formation of that loose and inefficient union, the Germanic Confederation, in which Austrian (Catholic) and Prussian (Protestant) influence is balanced. (General Act of June 8th, 1815.)

Meanwhile, the unwillingness with which Francis I. acknowledged this new constitution of Germany, found a yet stronger expression in the conduct of Pius VII. The Pope, disappointed in his hopes of ecclesiastical restoration, launched a formal protest against the principles of the Vienna Congress and the organization of the Bund! He felt highly incensed that sovereigns who had assembled for re-installing legitimacy, could so utterly forget the "legitimate rights of the church," as to retain for themselves the fruits of a "spoliation" which had been committed by the hands of revolutionary powers.

This short historical review will have elucidated the community of interests between Austria and Rome. A glance at subsequent events will show at once how this mutual interest found its expression in a common line of action and co-operation for purposes religious and political.

The first great concession Austria made to Rome, after 1815, is to be found in the non-fulfilment of the Federal law regarding Protestants. The law of the Federal Act directed that equal civil and other rights should be given in all parts of Germany, to subjects of either Christian denomination. Francis I., in compliance with the demands of the Pope, refused to recognize

this law, and in several provinces of his empire continued to treat Protestants as a sort of helots barely worthy even of toleration. This defiance to the stipulations of the Vienna Congress filled the Court of Rome with inflated hope; the more so as Francis I. at the same time bestowed a signal favour upon the Redemptorist and other Jesuit orders.

No wonder, under these circumstances, that the agents of the Holy See, on their part, exerted their influence to the advantage of Austria. They zealously co-operated with those feudalist parties whose aim it was to weaken Prussia, to shake the independence of the Rhinebund dynasties, and to re-elevate the House of Hapsburg to its former predominance. From documents before us we see that, since 1815, it became the common policy of Austria and Rome secretly to goad on the mediatized princes and the higher nobility of Germany to re-assert their lost privileges against the "revolutionary Rhinebund governments," as well as against Prussia. The so-called "Chain of Nobility" especially—an aristocratic, feudalist association—is well known to have acted under Romish inspirations, although many of the noble families connected with the "Chain" were professedly of the Protestant creed. In all this, the guiding idea of Rome was to undo the work of the Vienna Congress, and even to lead back Germany to the state of things which existed before the Treaty of Westphalia. Political reaction was to clear the way for ecclesiastical restoration.

Meanwhile, these political schemes in which the Pope indulged, did not prevent him from pushing forward his own spiritual works. Taking advantage of the spirit that prevailed among the aristocratic classes of Germany, France, and Spain, he commenced once more to vindicate his own right divine, and to renew the struggle against the "encroachments" of the secular power.

The field of action chosen for this purpose was, at first, South-Western Germany. There the newly formed Rhinebund states had not yet acquired the internal cohesion necessary for their safety. There the aristocratic *meneurs* were the most turbulent against the grand-ducal and ducal governments of Napoleonic creation. Consequently, there, the soil appeared the most propitious for Papal pretensions. A *casus belli* was easily found. The eternal dispute about mixed marriages; the subtle question of the administration of church property by mixed commissions of clerical and secular authorities; and the interpretation in general of those treaties by which the Papal chair had, during its evil days, parted with certain privileges, in favour of state interference,—all these promising objects of litigation were now successively taken up by the Romanists in

South-Western Germany.\* Nor were their attacks long limited to such weak governments as the petty states. A few years only elapsed before Papism gave open battle to that more powerful kingdom, which hitherto had been considered the bulwark of German Protestantism, viz., Prussia. It so happens that those three provinces which are of comparatively recent acquisition and of great military importance to Prussia,—namely, the Rhinelands, Posnania, and Silesia,—are at the same time inhabited by a population for the most part Catholic, and not over-attached to the crown of Hohenzollern. This circumstance was eagerly taken advantage of by the Black Propaganda. The Rhinelands as a province where priestly rule had so flourished of yore; Posnania, on account of the Catholic sympathies of the Polish part of its inhabitants; and Silesia, as formerly an Austrian possession, were easily worked upon in an anti-Prussian sense. Situated as these three provinces are on the farthest frontiers of Prussia, the Romanist plotters evidently thought that the court of Berlin, from fear of losing its hold in such important dominions, would not venture there to oppose the demands of Ultramontanism. We need not say that Austria fully connived at this Jesuit policy. Austria's loss of Silesia, and the acquisition by Prussia of the Catholic Rhinelands, rankled in the bosom of the Hapsburg. Any difficulty, therefore, thrown in the way of the Berlin government was sure to meet with an approval at Vienna.

Such were the tendencies of Austro-Catholic and quasi-medieval parties in Germany after the overthrow of the Napoleonic empire. But the result produced, at first, by their violent exertions was, curious to relate, the very opposite to that which they had intended to bring about. Far from succeeding in an integral restoration of the good old times of feudalism and priestcraft, these hyper-reactionary aspirations only drove the Prussian government, absolutistic as it was, into a more Protestant policy, and compelled the minor dynasties to seek salvation in the constitutionalism they so much abhorred.

In vain the people of Germany, after the victory of Leipsic and the march to Paris, had demanded from their princes the fulfilment of those constitutional promises made in the hour of need. From imperial Austria down to the last trumpery duke of Leichtenstein-Vaduz, the courts would not yield the smallest title of sovereignty. To reign by cabinet ordinances and *bon plaisir* decrees was more congenial to their tastes. But the time came when the lesser dynasties, at least, could no longer

\* *Vide* the Treaty concluded in 1803 between the Prince-Archbishop of Constance and the government of Baden. Andlaw, vol. i.

refuse their subjects the promised charters, seeing the growing disaffection of their people, many of whom had only recently been acquired. On the other hand, feeling menaced themselves by their mediatized and secularized rivals, and threatened too by Austria, which always cherished its own designs of encroachment, the minor courts had no other alternative but to combat Austro-Romanism by the creation of representative institutions, and to attach to themselves their newly acquired subjects by the bond of "constitutional liberties." These considerations will explain why from 1815—20 almost all the lesser states received constitutions.

But whatever may have been the origin of this constitutionalism, its working acted unquestionably as a check upon the progress of the Austro-Roman league. Few and feeble as were the rights which the middle classes in the minor states acquired, the mere fact of the middle and popular classes participating in the discussion of public affairs served somewhat to abate the influence of the mediævalist ultras.

The Prussian dynasty, on its part, in spite of all the Popish and Austrian intrigues that were levelled against it, could not be brought to swerve from the strict line of absolute monarchism. So little did the court of Berlin relish liberal principles that, as far back as 1822, it actually plotted, even in common with Austria, for the subversion of the constitutions of Southern and Central Germany. King Frederick William III. would gladly have seen all Southern Germany, from the Maine to the Danube, under Austro-Catholic rule, provided the entire North had been given over to Prussia. His policy, as well as that of the Austrian court, was chiefly a policy of aggrandizement, as may be seen by a reference to any of the secret state-memoranda we possess of that period. (Cf. Memorandum of a Prussian statesman, or so-called "Langenau'sche Note," 1822. Klüber.) It is clearly confessed in these documents that the part of a "chief of Protestantism" which the Prussian government assumed, as well as the "liberal commercial policy" which it instituted by the Zollverein, originated essentially from the desire of overreaching the influence of Austria.

Still, it cannot be denied that the firmness with which the late King of Prussia resisted the aspirations of the Popish clergy within his dominions, and the perseverance with which he strove to extend the commercial system of the Zollverein, contributed also largely to impede the advance of Austro-Romanism towards Northern Germany.

Another most peculiar circumstance served equally to hamper the efficiency of Ultramontanism from 1815—1830; and this impediment, remarkably enough, came not from without, but

from within the Roman church itself! It will be remembered that, in the period just preceding the French Revolution of 1789, there was a grave schism among the Catholic clergy of Germany; one part asserting a certain independence from the Holy See in the same manner as that professed by the Gallicanists of France, whilst the other part remained unconditionally subservient to the decrees of the Vatican. The first party was mainly composed of priests whose opinions had been tinged to some extent by the philosophical movement of the eighteenth century; but even a large portion of orthodox bishops made common cause with them, hoping by the curtailment of papal prerogative to increase episcopal privileges. It was the policy of Joseph II. of Germany to encourage these tendencies. Under his reign the so-called "Punctation of Ems" was drawn up by an assembly of German bishops, who organized themselves into a sort of clerical parliament co-ordinate to the power of the Pope. At the head of this liberal-conservative movement two men were conspicuous, whose names are familiar to Europe—the Baron von Wessenberg, chief of the "Josephinist School," and afterwards archbishop of Constance and Friburg; and the Baron von Dalberg, also for some time an administrator of the archbishopric of Constance, but better known in England in his quality as Prince Primas under Napoleon I. Both these men living to a great age—beyond the time of the Congress of Vienna, the ideas they had awakened powerfully influenced the next generation of priests. Thus it will be understood that, from 1815—30, an under-current of liberal opinions, within a part of the German clergy itself, re-acted against the cause which Rome and her Austrian associate endeavoured to promote.

However, this must be taken with some reservation. The character of the Roman priesthood, even the most liberal among them, is unfortunately such, that even when it rebels against the infallibility of a pope, it scarcely ever consents to be subjected itself in any way to the secular power. The bishop may question the absolute authority of Rome; he never questions his own. This was the case also with Wessenberg and his co-operators in ecclesiastical liberalism. Though Wessenberg lay under the first degree of Papal ban when Archbishop of Constance, and though he was maintained in his episcopal chair only by the support of the Baden government, yet even he could not refrain, at the end of his career, from entering upon an acrimonious quarrel with the state, in order to re-obtain some of the rights the Pope himself had by treaty waived in 1804! Documentary evidence\* pronounces but too strongly that,

\* *Vide* the correspondence between the government of Baden and the

although certainly not initiated in the Austro-Catholic plot, Wessenberg to the last contributed to pave the way for a re-assertion of Papal influence. When things were ripe, the true sons of Loyola stepped in to reap the harvest.

In the foregoing observations, we have, from irrefragable evidence, depicted those political and ecclesiastical elements which, during the period from 1815—30, advanced or retarded the progress of Austro-Catholicism. On reaching the years subsequent to the Parisian Revolution of July, we come to an important change in the policy of the minor states,—a change in favour of the courts of Vienna and Rome.

It has been shown above how the creation of constitutional life, in South-Western and Central Germany, tended to protect the petty dynasties against the cravings for dismemberment and encroachment on the part of their former rivals. It might, therefore, be supposed that these petty courts would for ever have clung to a policy which had proved the sheet-anchor to their own existence. However, the contrary was the case. These princelets observed with terror that constitutionalism, which they had considered only as a useful expediency, became, in the hands of the people, a lever for national unity and liberty. Full of apprehension for their monarchic prerogatives, they trembled at the apparition of that "democratic spirit," which they saw—or feigned they saw—rising up behind the barrier of constitutionalism. The re-appearance of revolution in France, Poland, and Italy, and the simultaneous revival, after 1830, of liberal tendencies throughout Germany, still further increased their fears. They desired at any price to lay low the spirit they themselves, by granting charters, had conjured up. When, therefore, in 1832, the fall of Warsaw offered an opportunity of reaction throughout Europe, the petty German governments fled from the shade of constitutionalism, and threw themselves into the arms of the very powers from which they had the most to apprehend.

Formerly opposed to the principles of Austria and Rome, they now employed every device to cripple the efficiency of their own representative institutions, by allowing a more extended field of action to the landed interests of the aristocracy and to the black-robed party of the ultramontanists. A growing alienation between governments and subjects was the result. In this struggle, the petty courts soon lost all recollection of the peril they had experienced from Jesuit and aristocratic intrigue. They were only intent upon subduing popular ten-

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archiepiscopal administration of Constance and Friburg, from 1817—1831. Andlaw, vol. i.

dencies; and with this view fawned upon their own bitterest enemies, eagerly yielding to them the highest administrative positions. Governments now purposely stultified the elections for the chambers by priestly interference. The press was handed over to the hawk-eyed surveillance of the myrmidons of Rome. In the ministerial bureaux and in the higher colleges, the disciples of Loyola were triumphant, and strove to mould public instruction according to the precepts of the Society of Jesus. (*Ratio et institutio studiorum Societatis Jesu.*) In those states where the monkish orders could not legally acquire landed property, the acquisition of it, for the Roman Church, was frequently connived at by the government under some flimsy pretext or other. So intimate became the relations of Rome with many, even Protestant, courts of the lesser states; and so great was the ascendancy there of the Jesuit-General Pater Rootham, that Gregory XVI. himself could not have ruled these petty residences more after his own heart.

By thus oppressing public spirit or falsifying its expression in the chambers, the constitutional governments of Germany succeeded in curtailing the rights of their legislative assemblies. Feudalist and clerical power once more gained influence over the popular classes. The gradual extinction of the "Josephinist school" among the Catholic priesthood, and the raising up of a new generation of priests, more devoted to the principles of Hildebrandism, served as another impulse to this general reaction.

Meanwhile, the Prussian court also made hot war upon the liberal tendencies of the German nation. Still, on the question of Secular Power *versus* Roman Supremacy, the late Frederick William III. remained apparently firm to the last. No wonder, then, that the Propaganda devoted itself unceasingly to the contest with Prussia. The struggle broke out in the most violent form towards 1837, when the Archbishops of Cologne and Posen, the Bishops of Breslau and others, openly renounced allegiance to the state, placing themselves on purely canonic ground. The rupture was forthwith complete. As soon as it became manifest that the Roman clergy refused to acknowledge the laws of the country, the Archbishop of Cologne and several other renitent bishops were arrested by order of the king and locked up in state fortresses.

This was the last act of open resistance on the part of the Prussian government against the encroachments of Rome.

A few years after these events the king died. On reviewing the policy of his successor, we at once observe that the accession of Frederick William IV. wrought a change in the whole scene. Scarcely had this latter mounted the throne, when he not only

gave up all measures of coercion against the renitent clergy, not only released the bishops from prison, but even subscribed to a concordat with Gregory XVI., in which considerable concessions were made to the canonic pretensions of the Holy See. For an explanation of this as well as of other acts which are most contrary to the interest of the Prussian dynasty, we must look to the bizarre qualities in the character of the king. His mania finds delight in everything mediæval, whether in politics, religion, science, or architecture,—whether in the Gothic pattern of his professors' robes, or in the quaint helmets of his army. The very spirit of modern times seems an aversion to him; at least, so it fully appeared before 1848, when his fantastic doings were without any restraint. He at that time often boasted that he would strike at the root of that "loose and immoral spirit" which presumes to question the right-divine of kings, nobles, and priests. Such were the day-dreams of Frederick William IV. Yet, although an absolutist at heart, he proved, by an anomaly of temper, a fickle and irresolute character; more of a theatrical mediævalist than a ruler of the real iron mould. He, therefore, saw no other means of realizing his favourite notions than by ranging himself on the side of those powers which he considered possessed more firmness than himself. Thus it fell out the holder of the crown of Frederick the Great became so complacent to the House of Hapsburg. It was thus, also, that the sovereign of the greatest Protestant realm in Germany entered frequently upon a line of policy which earned for him the thanks of the most extravagant ultramontanists. No wonder that one of the craftiest promoters of Austrian schemes, Archduke John, at his meeting with Frederick William IV., pronounced the famous toast, "Henceforth Austria and Prussia are but one!" No wonder, also, that the Roman clergy in Southern Germany, envying their fortunate brothers in Prussia, should have claimed of late such religious liberty as exists under the reign of "his august Majesty Frederick William IV."

The lenience the king showed towards Popish agitation, and the favour with which he received at his court the champions of what in Prussia is called "Protestant Jesuitism," necessarily served to increase the daring arrogance of the Austro-Roman league. His creation, in 1847, of a sort of feudalist parliament (called the *Vereinigte Landtag*) still further accelerated the development of the hierarchie and mediæval spirit. It is true, at certain times the wavering nature of Frederick William IV. seemed ready to recede from the path of Crypto-Catholicism into which his propensities for mysticism had led him. Thus, at the time when the "Gustavus-Adolphus Societies" spread all over Germany, the king appeared desirous of playing the part

of a new champion of Protestantism. Again, when the Neo-Catholic associations menaced the existence of the Roman church in Germany, Frederick William at first appeared not to be unfavourable to this popular movement. But his mysticism soon drew him back again, and Austria and Rome, once more at ease respecting the Protestant policy of Prussia, devoted themselves with redoubled energy to the work of restoration in Germany, Italy, and even Switzerland.

In that latter country, in the Helvetic Confederation, the Roman Propaganda contemplated, after 1840, a general subversion of the existing religious and political institutions. The famous "Sonderbund," a separate coalition of the most Catholic cantons, was to be the lever for the overthrow of Swiss Protestantism and liberalism. It is well known that the Papal nuncio in Switzerland and the Austrian government acted in this question in complete accordance and collusion. A few years previous to 1848, Austria even entered into a secret offensive and defensive alliance with the Sonderbund cantons. And had it not been for the death of Gregory XVI., the election of a new pope, and the subsequent popular movements in Italy (1847), France, and other countries (1848), an Austrian army of intervention would have, no doubt, entered Switzerland to attempt there the re-establishment of Papal rule in its full might. It was evident the court of Vienna wished to "lead back Central Europe behind the Treaty of Westphalia."

The Paris events of 1848, however, and the triumphant march of revolution throughout Germany suddenly brought the progress of Austro-Catholic schemes to a dead lock. The crown of the Hapsburgs rolled on the verge of the abyss. Vienna was in the hands of the people. Hungary struggled for independence. Lombardy rose to assert its national rights. The dynasty of Hapsburg sought an asylum in some secluded valley of the Tyrolese Alps. The contagion of revolutionary ideas spread from Paris to Vienna, Berlin, and Pesth, and across the Alps to Milan, Rome, and Naples. Everywhere despotic rule was reduced almost to annihilation; the power of the hierarchy lamed by the victory of popular elements in the "capital of Christendom" itself; the aristocratic classes driven into the political background; and the helm of government placed generally in the hands of constitutionalists, democrats, and anti-Papists. This state of things suffices to explain the paralysis that befel, momentarily, the policy of Pope and Kaiser.

The only sign of life on the part of the Romanist party at that epoch, is to be found in the assembly of Catholic bishops at Würzburg. This assembly, taking advantage of the religious liberty that had been proclaimed in 1848, strove to engraft

Catholic supremacy on the new principle of freedom. But the prevalent current of liberal ideas ran counter to these tendencies, and the Würzburg synod remained without immediate effect.

We hasten to come now to the most recent phase in Austro-Roman policy. It being fresh in the recollection, we need only cursorily glance at the respective events which have characterized the last six or seven years.

Scarcely had revolution been vanquished, when Austria resumed her policy of encroachment in Germany and alliance with Rome. The humiliation the Hapsburgs had suffered in 1848 and 1849 only induced them now to come forth with higher pretensions, in order thus to efface the recollection of their weakness during the revolutionary years! It had been a special eyesore to the court of Vienna that, when it was in the depth of complications, a large section of the Frankfort parliament had offered the imperial crown of Germany to the king of Prussia. Though the latter, in true mediæval style, haughtily rejected the crown as "tainted with the stain of sedition," Austria yet felt that by the mere fact of the offer that had been made to Frederick William IV., her own prestige had considerably suffered. No wonder she now busily applied herself to devise means how to re-obtain in the Bund a preponderance over Prussia. Consequently, when the question of a re-construction of the confederation came on the *tapis* (during the revolution the Bund had been dissolved), Austria demanded to enter into the confederation, not only, as hitherto was the case, with her German, but also with her Hungarian, Galician, and Italian provinces. Throughout Germany the ultramontane party in their organs supported this demand. The reason is obvious. The entry of Austria with some forty millions of subjects, thirty of whom are Roman Catholics, whilst Prussia has only fourteen millions of subjects, would necessarily have conferred upon the Catholic church a more powerful voice at the Diet—in fact, a real supremacy over the Bund.

But neither the Prussian government nor the minor states could be brought to acknowledge these pretensions. The safety of the minor states always has depended upon the keeping up a balance between Prussian and Austrian influence; their policy is to confer their voices alternately on one of the great powers, but never to submit to any permanent preponderance of either. On her part, Prussia also shrank from acceding to an Austrian demand which would for ever have sealed the fate of the House of Hohenzollern. True, Frederick William IV. personally, would perhaps have offered only a slight resistance to Austria; but his personal policy, at that time, was still to some extent impeded by the force of circumstances, which were the conse-

quence of the movement of 1848 and 1849. In order to vanquish revolution, the Prussian court had been compelled to flatter the moderate constitutionalists; and this constitutionalist party was, in 1850 and 1851, still influential enough to keep up a certain antagonism between Prussian and Austrian policy. The more, however, the king became re-assured, in subsequent years, with regard to his throne, the more he approached towards Austria: witness, his concessions in the questions of Hesse-Cassel and Schleswig-Holstein, and his conclusion of the Austro-Prussian Customs'-Union, which virtually undermines the commercial policy of the Zollverein.

We return to the description of the development of intimate relations between Vienna and Rome.

Ever since the entry of the French into Rome (1849), the Austrian court had with jealousy and apprehension looked upon the power France began to acquire in the Italian peninsula. With the *coup d'état* of December 2nd, this apprehension increased still more; for, from the moment when Louis Bonaparte assumed the reins of a dictatorial power, the Roman clergy, within and without France, began to regard him as their chief protector, ally, or chosen instrument. There was danger in delay lest the French government should acquire too great a hold on the sympathies of Jesuitism, and thus outstrip Austrian influence in Italy and even Germany. It was, therefore, high time for the court of Vienna, by some marked act of deference towards Rome, to check the catholic ascendancy of France.

An opportunity soon offered itself for Francis Joseph to display his "religious zeal." We allude to the famous ecclesiastical contest between the Archbishop of Friburg (in Brisgau) on the one hand, and the governments of South-Western Germany on the other. It is fresh in the recollection of the reader how the Archbishop of Friburg—a prelate of the true Wiseman stamp, and who entertains the most friendly connexions with the Abbé Gaume, and other spiritual Guy Fawkeses in France—asserted in 1852, a complete supremacy of the Holy See over all temporal powers, and declared, from his own episcopal authority, every contrary treaty between governments and the church to be null and void. (Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop Vicari of Friburg.) So extreme were his assertions, so full of contempt for the "legally acquired rights" of the secular power, that even those of the minor governments who had shown the greatest readiness, before 1848, to concede to the pretensions of the Roman hierarchy, now recoiled from consequences so haughtily brought about. Neither Baden, nor Würtemberg, nor the Hesses, nor even the Catholic court of Bavaria looked with favour upon demands so immeasurable as

were put forward in the councils of the archbishops and bishops of Friburg, Rottenburg, Limburg, Fulda, &c.

Now the most characteristic fact—one that proves more than anything that it is not spontaneous piety, but political considerations which induced Austria to the Concordat, is the circumstance that even the Austrian government, for some time, withstood the raving arrogance of the Friburg priest, and offered its mediation to the minor states, rather in favour of governmental prerogative than in favour of the absolute spiritual sway of Rome. It was only when ultramontane agitation in the South-West of Germany had acquired more strength, that the Austrian government gradually veered round to the cause of the Friburg prelate. The audacity and implacability with which Papism came forward in this cause, left, in fact, to Francis Joseph no other choice than either to alienate his Roman ally, and thus to lose all influence with Catholicism, or to unconditionally subscribe to Popish demands, and thus to abdicate one of the most precious privileges of sovereignty. In this state of things the agents of Rome, with great adroitness, adopted a very subtle means to draw Austria under the banner of Hildebrandism. They everywhere lauded and exalted to the skies the affability with which the King of Prussia had granted immunities to the Roman Church. Thus they awakened, in the court of Austria, the sentiment of jealousy, and goaded it on to greater speed in the race of concessions.

In conclusion, we will allude here to the remarkable fact, that since 1854, that is, since the period when the Austrian government had made up its mind to the principles of the Concordat, the aristocratic movement, among the mediatized and other noble families of Germany, began anew; this time, with greater success than after 1815 and 1830. In Prussia and Hanover, in Saxony, Würtemberg, and Bavaria, the territorial seigneurs, not only asked for an overthrow of constitutions, but even went so far as to demand the re-establishment of such privileges in administration, jurisdiction, and other attributes of sovereignty as would, in many respects, place the nobility on an equality with the monarch. It can hardly be a matter of wonder, considering the well-known mediæval tendencies of the King of Prussia, that *he* should favour a feudalist movement, even although it was encroaching on the power of the crown, as well as trampling on the rights of the people. A more curious phenomenon is, that even some of the minor governments, whose existence almost is endangered by the resurrection of a *ci-devant* sovereignty of nobles, should have also played the game of this new chain of nobility. Yet, strange as it may appear, it is no less a fact. In the course of the last two years,

at the bidding of a league of feudalists, constitutions have been overthrown or modified, not only in Prussia, but in almost every part of Germany; and not content with this reaction, governments continue to work with so inconceivable a zeal, that soon but little will be wanting to a *restitutio in integrum* of the mediatised families. There can be no doubt that this restoration runs thoroughly counter to the dynastic interest of the petty courts. The only explanation is to be found in the circumstance, that almost all German dynasties have been so mortally terrified by the events of 1848,—have imbibed so great a fear, even of the moderate middle-class constitutionalists, that to escape the Scylla of liberalism, they rather throw themselves into the Charybdis of feudalist reaction.

As regards the court of Austria, although keeping up at home the strict principle of monarchic despotism, it naturally rejoices at seeing thus the sovereign power of kings and dukes weakened by the encroachment of the high families. The re-elevation of these families throughout the confederation, is the first step towards the re-establishment of Austrian supremacy; for as soon as the sovereignty of the different kingdoms and duchies should be broken up again into small fractions by a thousand-headed aristocratic league, the house of Hapsburg, by the force of circumstances, would be able to reassume its former preponderance. This accomplished, the Roman Catholic element would have an opportunity of extending its action still more powerfully over Central and Northern Germany. No wonder that the ambitious projects of Austria, as well as the reactionary movements of the German aristocracy, are morally backed by the propaganda of the Society of Jesus, and that Austria and Rome have drawn closer the ties of friendship by the Convention of August 18th, 1855.

To sum up: the Concordat serves to the Holy See as an engine of universal dominion; but at the same time to Austria as an instrument for the furtherance of a deep dynastic policy. The only fault the macchiavellistic planners of the Hofburg have perhaps committed is, that their own weapon is likely to recoil against themselves; at least we see, that the Concordat is not yet many months' old before a sort of conflict between the spiritual and temporal power has grown out of it—a conflict which was, with some difficulty, suppressed in the recent Synodal Conferences at Vienna. And not many years will perhaps elapse, when elements of strife more terrible will arise, from the smooth paragraphs of the Concordat, where they are as yet concealed. We mean the strife and conflict between the priest-bound ruler and the independence-loving nations of Austria.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Celebrated Characters.* By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. III. Bentley.

CRITICISM has long ceased to apply historical tests to the pictorial paradoxes of M. de Lamartine. He is a light and graphic narrator, a painter of elegant portraits; he has a subtle fancy; as a speculatist he is ingenious, but he violates all the laws of art to produce verbal and metaphorical effects, and he violates the integrity of history because he will write with passion and without study. The result has been that his first and best works have fallen into disrepute; that in England, he is held to be a poet who disdains the use of rhythm, and that in France, he is patronized as the most graceful of compilers. This, surely, has not been the object of an ambitious life spent in the gardens of poetry and knowledge; but M. de Lamartine, as he watches the daily withering of his deciduous fame, will learn that a warm and tinted style is not all that is essential to the elaboration of a high historical argument; that flowers of rhetoric, fragrant of an oriental fancy, and bold images suddenly struck upon the paper, will not save the false story of great events and achievements from perishing with the works of a far less prominent and less attractive writer. The lesson is severe; but it is due to justice. M. de Lamartine has been, in the world of letters, an idolator and a slave; in this, his latest labour, he is more than ever the devotee of rhetoric; he spurns all the obligations of research and criticism, and he deserves the penalty he has paid. His books are read for their flippant audacity and for their glittering colour, but they are counted among ephemerals, and die with the season that produced them.

To justify the rigours of criticism it is only necessary to examine M. de Lamartine's *Memoirs* in a literary as well as in an historical sense. Does his originality consist in grace, or in extravaganza? Is it power, or eccentricity? Is it purity, or is it not an abandonment of the imagination to eccentric postures, to attitudes that startle, not by their beauty, but by their fantastic defiance of all the laws of art and nature. M. de Lamartine writing of Madame de Sévigné, carves a figure in marble, faultless and stainless, idealizes it into life, and buries its feet in flowers; he apostrophizes William Tell until he is an immortal genius of the mountains; he sings of Antar until the mythical Arab becomes a Hercules of the desert softened into an Apollo; he degrades Milton into a venal and malignant pamphleteer; and he exalts Bossuet until prophets and apostles grow pale at the side of the rival of Bourdaloue. As, in the instance of Milton, M. de Lamartine proves that he can write in malice as

well as in ignorance, so in the instance of Bossuet, his sounding analogies swell until we know not whether they are the symptoms of a bewildered enthusiasm or the excesses of a profane frivolity.

The first sketch in the Third Volume of his *Memoirs* relates to the life and actions of William Tell. It is the most sober of the five biographical essays, ranging from him to Madame de Sévigné, Milton, Antar, and Bossuet, in a perpetual *crescendo* of exaggeration, until, towards the close, M. de Lamartine mounts into such hyperbole that we dare not pursue him. William Tell, the restorer of Helvetian liberty, was a simple peasant of Uri, a fisher of the lake, a hunter of the mountain, whose figure appears indistinctly in the traditionary annals, surmounted by a rainbow of songs, which alone preserve the feats and prowess of the Switzer hero. M. de Lamartine, before bringing him on the stage, arranges with true dramatic care all the details of the scenery, presents with his invariable descriptive power the Alps, the Caucasus of Europe, the home of independence and courage, from Hungary to the mouths of the Rhone. Here the Swiss lived in their toy villages, ideals of architectural simplicity. Nothing can be imagined more consonant with the grace of a fairy tale than one of these mountain cottages: the roof widening over the walls, and carved with quaint elaboration; the external staircase wrought into arabesque; the doors surmounted by niches; the latticed windows with lozenge-shaped panes; the encircling galleries roofed from sun and rain; the wooden bridge leading to the cluster of external buildings; the colours of the edifice; its fantastic decorations;—all these form in the mountain hamlets a contrast to the valley towns, with their dark ramparts, their pointed roofs, the metallic ornaments shining dimly on their churches and guild-halls. M. de Lamartine adds to his panorama of Alpine still-life what may be called stanzas of glowing poetry beaten into prose, on the Switzer girls: "Grecian statues placed upon pedestals of snow," ever virtuous, dignified, and graceful. It is impossible to disprove the existence among William Tell's contemporaries of a race of Grecian models; but the artist who should search for this beauty now might be ungraciously disappointed. M. de Lamartine strikes off from this picturesque preface into the reign of the Hapsburg knights—the petty tyrants of Helvetia—relating the familiar episodes of the Lady Ida and her page, of Rudolf's bailiff Gessler, Stauffacher's house, the cap, the arrow, and the apple; quoting Schiller where history leaves its hiatus, and perorating in a comparison of William Tell with Washington. There being no points of similarity, the reader may conceive that M. de Lamartine has no difficulty in suggesting the parallel.

After a prelude of elegant egotism, Madame de Sévigné is introduced with "rich locks of fair hair, rippling above her forehead like waves stirred with the breath of inspiration," with cheeks whose roundness is "somewhat subdued by an expression of melancholy as they approach the mouth, with a gently rounded forehead, reflecting the light-like transparent thought," with "palpitating temples," "dreamy blue eyes," "fine folding eyelids of alabaster veined with azure which half-concealed the eyeball," and a Grecian nose with "rose-coloured wings to the nostrils." From this confusion of figures it may be conceived that the lady was beautiful; but M. de Lamartine, impelled by his impetuosity of exaggeration, disembodies her mind, and paints it, and even puts her memory into the balance against that of the whole illustrious group of genius that lent to the reign of the XIVth. Louis a glory which was not its own. Employing simply the intellectual standard, it was unnecessary to disparage the reputation of those great dramatists, moralists, satirists, orators, and preachers to prove that Madame de Sévigné earned a conspicuous and lasting fame. Her virtue was unquestionably above that of the bejewelled graces of the court; but, by the test of virtue, how many villagers of the Rhone were not exalted above the stars of Rambouillet? Madame de Sévigné was happy during one period of her life—when she lived at her estate, "The Rochers," while her husband restored a fallen fortune :—

"Madame de Sévigné's fondest aspiration in the midst of this atmosphere of praise, was to retire with the husband of her choice to a solitary and peaceful country life, far removed from the vanities and temptations of Paris. She succeeded in the spring of 1645 in enticing the Marquis de Sévigné to one of his estates in Brittany, in the neighbourhood of Vitré. This property, which had long been neglected, was called 'Les Rochers.' The old château became the home of her short-lived happiness, as Bourbilly had been that of her cradle. The spot recalled the abode of her infancy; its entangled gardens and crumbling walls attested the long absence of the owners, and the horizon bounded alike the view, the thoughts, and desires. The château was raised upon an eminence, at the base of which murmured a small river, following its course between blocks of granite rendered verdant by shrubs; the few openings were darkened by the sleeping shadows of chestnuts, oaks, and beeches; cultivated fields and green lawns, dyed with the golden blossoms of the broom, were bordered by hedges of holly and thorn; wide plains lay to the left, bounded by a curtain of fog, through which occasionally glistened the rays of the sun or the surface of some pond;—the melancholy of the spot communicated itself to the mind; vestiges of former magnificence gave the house, notwithstanding, a stamp of antiquity and nobility. On

the side of Vitré were long avenues planted with rows of old trees and paved with large blocks of broken and mouldering stone; the building was and is still composed of a low keep, flanked by two towers, the cornices of which were ornamented with heads of monsters roughly sculptured in stone; a third tower contained the winding staircase, which was traversed at intervals by a ray of light falling obliquely through loopholes in the massive walls;—large bare halls, whose vaulted ceilings were supported by black beams, welcomed the young couple. Here they lived for several years, in a retirement which Madame de Sévigné occupied in the cares of affection, and her husband in seeking to re-establish his fortune, and to attain the distinctions which his native province could offer to a gentleman of high military rank.”—Pp. 68, 69.

M. de Lamartine does not entirely succeed in dispersing the clouds that have descended upon some episodes of Madame de Sévigné's life. In his estimate of her letters he is not extravagant when he ranks them above all the romances of Scudery; but the love of Madame de Sévigné for her daughter, which he himself designates as “a species of madness,” is not always expressed in a form that wins either sympathy or admiration. M. de Lamartine is an admirer of raptures; but the raptures of the mother were not undiluted by the suggestions of a coarse ambition. As she grew older she grew more worldly, and perpetually watched for the appearance of a great name at last, to which her own might be linked by the marriage of her idolized daughter. And when at last Mademoiselle de Sévigné was bestowed, it was selfishly—that her mother might keep her in Paris—upon a man who had forgotten the sympathies of youth, who had been twice widowed, who was more ambitious than amiable, whom she did not love, who entered on the union as one “purely of reason and calculation.” Madame de Sévigné, in the letters apologizing for this act of heartless diplomacy, said that the Count de Grignan's former wives “had died in order to leave a place to her daughter;” that “destiny, in a moment of unusual kindness, had also taken away his father and his son” to increase his riches; and thus, having riches, rank, office, and consideration in society, what more could be required? These *sentiments* may not be vicious, but there can be no question as to the indecency of the *expressions*. But Madame de Sévigné was less unnatural than her contemporaries; and M. de Lamartine has a right to take all the advantage he can of this pre-eminence.

He has no right, however, to asperse the great and good names of English history. Exaggerated panegyric is a folly; but exaggerated bitterness, especially when it is without the justification of patient study, is something worse. M. de Lamar-

tine, passing from Madame de Sévigné to Milton, exposes the grossest ignorance of his writings and character, and repeats the vilest scandals of the Cavaliers who were rebuked by Milton's austerity. He is not even acquainted with the poet's parentage, and consequently, starts with an error, which, however, is venial, and which his clever translator corrects. It is after an outpouring of hallucination on the subject of the execution of King Charles, that he becomes violent and ridiculous. He has the presumption to say that all Milton's arguments were fallacies; that he was ungenerous, hard-hearted, and servile; that he descended from servility to corruption, to sacrilege, and to "sanguinary adulation." M. de Lamartine adds, "What effect could reasoning produce when weighed against tears?" May we not ask, what effect can reasoning produce when weighed against such a counterblast of rhapsody as the following, applied to the posthumous work of Charles I.:—

"Such pages as these, discovered in a coffin, recalled the psalms of a David amongst kings. The people read them as a celestial plea which justified, after punishment, the intentions and heart of the condemned. Milton ridiculed them as a studied declamation to attest merely the poetical talent of the victim. 'Truly,' said he, seeking to extract a jest from the tears and blood of the immolated monarch, 'Charles was deeply read in the poets, and we may believe that his object was to leave in these chapters imaginative essays calculated to impress on posterity his ability as a writer!'"—P. 154.

Of Milton's reply to Salmasius, Voltaire said it was written as if by a wild beast—Voltaire, who could write like a polecat! M. de Lamartine, labouring to fortify this savage lampoon from Ferney, adds that every sentence of the justification "perspired blood."

The fabulous adventures of Antar, narrated in a free and glowing style, allow M. de Lamartine to present many radiant reminiscences of desert life. Pardoning something to the enthusiasm of a traveller's aspect, this is a fine picture:—

"He who has never gazed upon the sun sinking in the haze of a red furnace reflected by the sand from the distant horizon of Mesopotamia or Chaldæa; who has never beheld the constellations rise and decline slowly during the summer nights in that ocean of ethereal blue, deeper than the thought which penetrates it, and more transparent than the motionless sea under the shadow of a cape which checks the glittering undulation of the waves; he who has not listened to the intermittent sighing of the wind drowsily borne across the desert, and carried gradually to the ear over downs of sand and through scattered patches of herbage; he who has not with early dawn gazed upon the boundless expanse stretched before him on

every side, until distance is lost in infinity; or who has never at mid-day contemplated the shadowy profile of the crouching camel, delineated distinctly on the background of the clear firmament, immovable as the sculptured Sphinx upon the burning sand of Egypt,—such a man can form no adequate idea of the true character of the Arabian shepherd, or of the charm which attaches and reconciles him to his lot.

“The impressions, the sensations, the emotions of feeling,—the sounds, the stillness, the thoughts of the desert, come from such a distance that they seem to proceed from the Eternal himself. That light which falls in a shower of fire upon the hills or naked plains, has never been reflected from the roof of a city, and has received no contamination from the smoke of human chimneys. Throughout the day nothing interposes between the soul and its author. We feel the hand of the Creator, invisible yet palpable, upon the objects of his creation: we expect at every moment to see him manifest himself in the midst of that ocean of light which veils him, or upon the limits of that indefinite horizon which seems to verge on the unknown.”—Pp. 191, 192.

The story of Antar is a legend of the wilderness. It relates that the chief Zobeir married the most beautiful woman of his race without rendering the customary tribute to her father. This being a disgrace to her name, she meditated upon some stratagem to remove it:—

“Zobeir set out for the tents of his bride’s father to discover the truth, but Themadour hastening, by stealth, arrived before him, and in the midst of her tribe, refused to return until the essential points of honour were observed. From this marriage of a hero with a heroine sprung Antar, an Orpheus and an Apollo, a Lancelot and a Bayard, who lived and died the glory of the desert.”—P. 197.

Across this episode of poetry M. de Lamartine leads us to his life of Bossuet; and it is in this Memoir, occupying more than a hundred pages, that the plethora of his extravagance breaks out; that he showers upon his subject the most daring and the most astonishing analogies, repulsive to reason, to imagination, and to piety. He speaks of the preacher as “a prophetic voice,” the one man known to history who worthily filled a pulpit, the equal of Cicero, of Demosthenes, of Chatham, of Mirabeau, the possessor of all the qualities that made those orators great, and of others to which they never aspired, the unparalleled, the unapproachable, the “divine.” “To understand him fully, we must first mount to his own level, and encounter him in the heavens.” First, however, his character is sketched:—

“The innate contempt that Bossuet seemed to have adopted from the hour of his birth for the doctrine of equality; the instinctive

love of hierarchy, high caste, and authority; the peremptory tone and haughty glance,—are the natural and distinctive traits of this patrician breed of Upper Burgundy, where the blood, warm at the head, but coldly stimulates the heart. The character of a race is to be retraced in each of its descendants; the exceptions are only accidental. The peculiar genius of an individual will not belie the genius of a city; Dijon is an intellectual capital, but not one that overflows with enthusiasm or feeling. St. Bernard, Bossuet, Buffon, natives of this town, were men compounded rather of bronze and marble than of flesh: the first had Abélard for his victim, the second Fénelon, and the third dissected all nature without finding a tear, a single hymn of praise, or a Deity!"—P. 247.

—All that is here is not "divine."

In what follows the reader may suppose that he has reached M. de Lamartine's climax:—

"But the Bible effaced all except this slight remembrance of Horace: the Bible, and above all the poetical portions of Holy Writ, struck as if with lightning and dazzled the eyes of the child; he fancied that he saw the living fire of Sinai, and heard the voice of Omnipotence re-echoed by the rocks of Horeb. His God was Jehovah; his lawgiver, Moses; his high-priest, Aaron; his poet, Isaiah; his country, Judæa. The vivacity of his imagination, the poetical bent of his genius, the analogy of his disposition to that of the Orientals, the fervid nature of the people and ages described, the sublimity of the language, the everlasting novelty of the history, the grandeur of the laws, the piercing eloquence of the hymns, and finally, the ancient, consecrated, and traditionally reverential character of the book, transformed Bossuet at once into a biblical enthusiast. The metal was malleable; the impression was received, and remained indelibly stamped. This child became a prophet: such he was born, such he was as he grew to manhood, lived, and died—the Bible transfused into a man."—Pp. 249, 250.

But the climax is *not* reached. M. de Lamartine compares the natural curls upon the forehead of the preacher to "the crown of Moses, or the horns of the prophetic ram," and says that they "gave an air of inspiration to his head."

When he first entered Paris—still empurpled by the blood of Richelieu's murders (Richelieu is compared to Sejanus, and Sejanus, by a malignant analogy, to Cromwell)—St. Vincent de Paul was at the same time dying, and that preacher is styled "the St. John of modern Christianity." Bossuet, who studied the arts of the age, and afterwards ridiculed his great school of elocution, M. Lamartine describes as—

"above the clouds reaching heaven with his hand, seeing earth afar off and below his feet, playing with thunder and lightning, and filling with contempt for sublunary matters; the abyss of high, great, and

eternal thoughts, over which he caused his listeners to totter by dazzling them with his mighty elevation."—P. 263.

And his utterances, he says, "have had no parallel since the days of Moses and the prophets;" the notes and rough sketches of his sermons he compares to the ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra; and he merely styles as "rather flattering" the servile profanity with which the religious orator drew a comparison between Anne of Austria, "the queen who had educated a king for the throne, and the Virgin who had brought up a king for the Cross." In a convent sermon, the biographer proceeds:—

"Christians," said he, "do not expect that the apostle will flatter your ears by harmonious cadences, or charm them by gratifying your vain curiosity: listen to what he says of himself. We preach hidden wisdom—we preach a crucified God. Do not let us seek to add vain ornaments to that God who rejects the things of this world. If our lowliness is displeasing to the great, let them know that we covet their disdain, for Jesus Christ despises their ostentatious insolence, and desires only to be known to the humble. Let us bow, then, before the despised, and preach to them sermons in which meekness bears something of the humiliation of the cross, and which are worthy of that God who only desires to conquer by gentleness."—Pp. 267, 268.

Without mitigating the censure which this reckless exaggeration of thought and language must draw upon M. de Lamartine, we may allow that his full-length portraiture of Bossuet abounds in masterly touches, in matter of rare interest, in suggestive and critical episodes in harmony with the subject. It was an excellent idea to lay open a view of Bossuet's ministry, of his life, his works, his oratory. But the great master of words, revered even by the audacious courtiers of his age, admired by the most cynical, and feared by the most profane, betrayed in his own nature some sordid frailties that proved him not all "divine." What was it to this Christian teacher that his ancestors were of the haughty Burgundian blood? What, in the gospel he expounded, taught him to despise the social and political pretensions of the poor? What made his eye fierce, and his tongue peremptory?—It was the impurity of human pride, the slavery of self-love. When his predecessor in fame, Richelieu, lay panting on a purple couch, the wonder and terror of France, Bossuet looked upon him—looked on him when he sought to disguise his pallor under rouge, his exhaustion under chaos of artificial activity,—and the spectacle, instead of melting his mind, filled it with visions of earthly power—of that theocratic exaltation which would make him king and minister, while he seemed only to be priest. In the Château of

Rambouillet, where the wits and beauties of Paris indulged one day in parodies of the heathen mythology, and rivalled one another in displays of ecclesiastical brilliance, Bossuet was asked to improvise a sermon. The text, the subject, the purpose were proposed to him; he consented, and his theatrical efforts, lauded by Voiture, the reigning critic, and listened to without derision by the Lady of Rambouillet, gave Bossuet a sort of fashionable fame. "From that time," says M. de Lamartine, "with inconsistent *naïveté*, the religious orator "was inspired, overwhelming and adroit, never forgetful of the earth in speaking of heaven or regardless of heaven when addressing the earth." This is one of the unnecessary antitheses into which M. de Lamartine's love of effect betrays him. When Bossuet took possession of his episcopal throne at Condom, and Bourdaloue mounted the pulpit in which he had become celebrated, a great rivalry arose, not between the preachers only, but between their partizans and friends. The admirers of Bourdaloue at first prevailed; his impassive and logical serenity was better suited to the cynicism of the period than the reverberating, almost riotous eloquence of Bossuet. The orator was eclipsed, for a moment, by the lecturer, as in another epoch, Mirabeau was for a moment eclipsed by Barnave. M. de Lamartine calls Bourdaloue "only a powerful reasoner," as he calls Masillon, "a melodious flatterer of the ear;" and his judgment, however it may be disputed, will not be ridiculed; but when, contrasting with the ratiocinative strength of the one, and the musical deceptions of the other, the varied genius of Bossuet, he says that "he had the wings and the shriek of an eagle," can the phrase be seriously repeated?

Bossuet preached the funeral sermon of Anne of Austria, mother of the XIVth. Louis. A widow when still in her youth, the sport of the Fronde, disowned by the people, the friend of an unpopular minister, the mother of a petulant king, she had lived and died less hated and less admired than many in the line of the Bourbon queens. The preacher wept as he recalled her name, and it was then that, descending from his pulpit, he heard of the news of his father's illness, and hastened to Metz to administer the last sacraments to him. Here M. de Lamartine observes, parenthetically, that Bossuet, who commanded a vast range of patronage, was addicted to what is now termed nepotism, and distributed numerous preferments among his relatives and friends; but such was the practice of the day, and the bishop was not superior to the arts of ecclesiastical cupidity.

Arnaud, Nicole, and Pascal were at this time struggling in the Jansenist and Protestant controversy. Bossuet, who as

prior, inclined to the teachings of Jansenius, was persuaded by the double influences of the court and the church, and became the extreme partizan of established authority. The love of royalty was strong within him. He had last preached the funeral oration of an Austrian queen; he reascended the pulpit to lament the sorrows of the widow of Charles I. In this sermon, composed to the order of the court, he fulminated against the Reformation, exalted the value of a mental "curb," and drew the tears of the king and the king's *claqueurs*. Once more to St. Cloud, to the grave of another princess, Henrietta of England. With an emerald ring, her gift, on his finger, he mounted to such heights that Louis XIV., astonished and bewildered, appointed him preceptor to his son. Falling from his bishopric, he fell into the revenues of an abbey, whence he drew an annual sum of twenty thousand *livres*. A popular murmur arose: Could this man, it was asked, be avaricious? He wrote to a friend a self-exonerating letter, and quietly proceeded to prepare, for his Bourbon pupil, "the Discourse on Universal History, a catalogue of nations, names of persons and events." He had an apathetic pupil, but the pupil had not a zealous master, for Bossuet was more anxious to conciliate the occupant than the heir of the throne.

M. de Lamartine traces carefully the progress of the great preacher, his labours at court with reference to La Vaillière, Montespan, Maintenon, and Guyon, his acts of ambition, and his acts of virtue; but always pleads for his intrigues that they were designed to advance the power and interests of the church. Readers who are familiar with the circumstances of Bossuet's life, will peruse with curiosity this Memoir in which he is presented like the gilded image of a saint, decorated with fantastic colours, by a biographer whose every word is a votive offering. Readers, on the other hand, who have not studied the famous preacher's life, will be stimulated to examine it in connexion with the religious history of France, and of the mutual influences used by the court over the church, and by the church over the court, in a corrupt and artificial age. But they must be on their guard against M. de Lamartine's historical and personal views. The caution, however, is unnecessary. M. de Lamartine excites the suspicions of an attentive and serious reader by his fantasies of style. He steeps his pencil in Lydian gold and Tyrian purple; and, to brighten the picture, blends all the colours of a sunset with all the colours of an aurora.

ART. V.—*The Mystery ; or, Evil and God.* By John Young, LL.D.,  
Author of “*The Christ of History.*” London. 1856.

THIS book is one of the most remarkable of recent attempts to solve the awful mystery of the connexion between Evil and God, a subject on which many men in the present age are constantly thinking, but on which few comparatively are writing. Were a panorama of the sleepless pillows of thoughtful men throughout the world exposed to view, and were the secret thoughts that disturb their slumbers revealed, it would probably be found that this dread perplexity was, with the majority, the special thorn in their heads and their hearts, and that amidst the darkness surrounding each couch, there might be seen, gleaming with lurid light, the words—“*Whence, and why, EVIL?*”

Before we recount some of the many theories which have been devised to explain this mystery, it may be worth while to set this difficulty in its strongest popular point of view. A few sentences will suffice. There is, then, in the universe, an entity called *moral evil*, traces of the existence of which are found in the earliest times on record. This entity has produced the most appalling consequences. It has reduced myriads of human beings below the level of the brutes that perish. With its giant grasp it has seized multitudes of men, and dragged them into gulphs of moral ruin and of physical destruction. It has let loose on the world innumerable plagues—war, rapine, licentiousness, cruelty, suicide, murder, and falsehood. It has assumed ten thousand forms. It has appeared in all races, climates, and classes. It has infected and enfeebled many whom it has been unable to destroy. It has more or less violently attacked all men. It is connected with an amount of physical suffering under which “the whole creation groans and travels in pain, even until now.” It has crippled man’s progress, embittered his whole existence, and led him often to doubt the goodness, or the very existence of his Maker. Through its effects on others, it has made many unutterably miserable, who were in a great measure free from it themselves. It has tainted man’s nature as a whole, polluted his passions, hardened his heart, augmented the influence of his animal appetites, and darkened and degraded his intellectual powers. It is not less subtle than strong; driven out of one corner of its domains it has fixed itself more firmly elsewhere; and when compelled to quit one shape it has assumed others still more odious. Though often checked, it has never been destroyed. It is passionately loved by the world in general, yet protested against by every man’s conscience. It exists in the dominions of a

being whom we believe to be all-powerful, all-wise, and infinitely good; and yet it continues to defy his power, to insult his authority, to ruin his creatures, and to dim the glory of his universe. There is little more appearance than there was thousands of years ago of its empire speedily coming to an end, or even of its power being materially abridged. Worst of all, it seems, after having torn and rent its victims here, armed with power to cast them into a deeper dungeon in a future world, and we are tempted under the pressure of this fearful phenomenon, to exclaim with the poet—

“Thus from the moment of our birth,  
Long as we linger on the earth,  
Thou rulest o’er the fates of men;  
Thine are the pangs of life’s last hour;  
And who dare answer, Is thy power,  
Dark spirit! ended THEN?”

Suppose, that there were a mind as vigorous as a man’s, and as unsophisticated as a child’s, and that this mind were informed for the *first* time, of the dreadful facts we have sought to condense in the above paragraph,—it were interesting to conjecture what would be its thoughts and feelings. Probably, at first, this man-child would be struck dumb with amazement and horror, and after recovering his speech, would exclaim, “Can such an awful entity exist? Is it not a mere nightmare of the mind? Or, if it does exist, why does God, being infinitely wise, powerful, and good, not destroy it in an instant? *Why* does he not? Because he made it. Blasphemous and shocking falsehood! A God so wise *could* not have made—a God so good *would* not have made such a malignant, monstrous thing? Because he loves it, when made by some other? Impossible! His holy and gracious nature must recoil from it with abhorrence. Because he cannot annihilate it? Then his power must be limited. Because he expects profit, pleasure, glory, from some of its remoter results? It may be so, but surely the glory and profit are bought at a fearful expense. I cannot then account for God’s not destroying evil, nor for his allowing it to enter the universe at first. But I cannot believe it to be in any sense his. Perish this thought at all hazards! It must be from some other source; but, oh! while wondering with great admiration at the whole theme, I wonder still more at the apathy and blindness of the human race. They are surrounded on every side by this potent and destructive energy; they are in the very heart of this black eclipse, and on the brink of that deeper darkness in which Evil threatens to plunge its votaries; and yet they are laughing, and feasting, and singing, and dancing, as if the whole thing were a farce. Why! oh, why? have they not fallen

down on their faces as one man under this portentous shade, and uttered one wide, wild cry on God to annihilate either it or them? Such might probably be the utterance of an unsophisticated mind, on the first sight of this subject; indeed, little children often stammer out the substance of these thoughts from their spotless lips. Nor have all the efforts of philosophic or theological thinkers brought the human mind one step further than these supposed words of the man-child; while many of their theories have served still to perplex and darken the theme.

We come now shortly to recount, in a popular form, some of the theories propounded to account for Evil, and explain its relations to God. There is, 1st, the doctrine of those who hold that Evil is only a modification of good, nay, is good; 2ndly, the doctrine of Pope and Soame Jenyns, who explain Evil, upon the principle of a scale of being, and a subordination of parts being necessary in the creation; 3rdly, the doctrine of the hyper-Calvinists, who hold that God has made Evil for the sake of certain great and glorious objects, which are to be subserved by its entrance, and its eternal existence; 4thly, the doctrines of the Manicheans, who hold that Evil is an emanation from one of two eternal principles; and 5thly, various modifications of what may be called the scriptural scheme of Evil, which denies God having made it, expresses God's infinite hatred at it, and asserts it to have come from finite will; to this latter class, Dr. Young's theory, we shall see, belongs; its peculiarity being that he holds the non-preventibility of Evil. These are not, by any means, all the theories on the subject, but they are all on which we can at present enter.

There is, 1st, the theory at present popular with a large class, that of those who hold that Evil is a modification of good. Were we not engaged in a grave discussion, we might hint that Satan was the originator of this theory, when he said, "Evil be thou my good." According to these theorists, Evil is God's left hand, while Good is his right; Evil is what painters call God's "inferior manner." Belial is only a variety of Christ. Now, in the first place, this theory is opposed to the healthy instincts of humanity. We feel insulted when told that righteousness and unrighteousness, truth and falsehood, are only degrees of the same thing; that lust is only a variety of love, cruelty a lower form of benevolence, meanness nobility in disguise, and malignity a minor measure of that pure flame of charity which burns in the wings of seraphim, and is the glory round the brow of God! Of course, with many evils much good is mingled, and when we judge of various evil actions through a charitable medium, and with a proper appreciation of constitutional ten-

dencies, temperament, circumstances, &c., they lose much of their criminality, but there is an immense amount of sin which cannot be thus accounted for or palliated, which is irredeemably malignant and vile, and which yet, by this doctrine, is confounded with good. What man, worthy of the name, dare pronounce a Massacre of Glencoe, in any sense, or in any degree, good—and it is but one out of millions of cases of crime, which this theory would compel us to gulp down as excellent and amiable things! 2ndly. Our own conscience contradicts this notion; it assures us not only that sin is not good, but that it is *infinitely* bad. And if infinitely bad, how can it be a modification of goodness? 3dly. This theory, when it admits a God at all, imputes imperfection to him. That a human being should be unequal we can conceive; that an earthly painter should have an “inferior manner,” and should often fail, is inevitable;—but the idea of God sinking below himself, although ever so little, is blasphemous. And, 4thly, this theory is an utterly hopeless one. Since God is the sole and complacent author of sin, it is exceedingly unlikely that he will ever bring it, in earth or any where else, to a termination. Since sin is just the night in the moral universe, opposed to the day, not in kind, but simply in degree, it is probable that it will continue to follow day for ever.

“And so the eternal chase goes round the world.”

As the supporters of this doctrine do not, in general, acknowledge the authority of the Bible, we need not press on their attention the many passages in it which discover God’s infinite repugnance and opposition to Evil, “that abominable thing which he hates.”

There is, 2ndly, the doctrine propounded by Pope in his “Essay on Man,” derived from Bolingbroke, and defended by Soame Jenyns in his “Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil,”—a book which, though severely handled by Johnson, has many ingenious thoughts and pleasing passages, and which, although advocating some of Bolingbroke’s views, is entirely free from his spirit, and really seeks to vindicate the character of God. We may quote his words (embodying sentiments which Johnson traces to a much earlier period than that of Pope and Bolingbroke—to the Arabian Physicians, whose works, by the way, abound in so many remarkable metaphysical glimpses of truth, that we know the indefatigable Sir William Hamilton to have read all through their massive tomes for the sake of these fragmentary gleams):—

“No system can possibly be formed, even in imagination, without a subordination of parts. Every animal body must have different

members subservient to each other; every picture must be composed of various colours, and of light and shade; all harmony must be formed of trebles, tenors, and basses; every beautiful and useful edifice must consist of higher and lower, more and less magnificent apartments. This is in the very essence of all created things, and therefore cannot be prevented by any means whatever, unless by not creating them at all."

And again he says:—

"The universe is a system whose very essence consists in subordination; a scale of beings descending by insensible degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing; in which, though we may justly expect perfection in the whole, could we possibly comprehend it, yet would it be the highest absurdity to hope for it in all its parts, because the beauty and happiness of the whole depend altogether on the just inferiority of the parts. It had not been God's wisdom to have created no beings but of the highest and most perfect order. There is a connexion between all ranks and orders by subordinate degrees, so that they mutually support each other's existence, and every one in its place is absolutely necessary toward sustaining the whole of the vast and magnificent fabric. Our pretences for complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the scale of existence as our ignorant ambition may desire, because, were we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite power to exalt us: a man can have no reason to repine that he is not an angel, nor a horse that he is not a man."

To this we may urge the following objections, one or two of which Johnson has stated with great force and precision. In the 1st place, the difficulty is not here very fairly or clearly presented. Evil is not simply imperfection; it is something far more. The question is not why are Jove's satellites less than Jove, why is a horse inferior to a man, or a man inferior to an angel, but why are there such beings as bad men and wretched angels in the universe? It is a question not of degree, but of kind. It is not why is there such a thing as imperfection, but why are there guilt—damning guilt, madness, misery, selfishness, and ten thousand other positive and pregnant evils in God's world? It is not why is a man not an angel, but why is he a sinner and an heir of hell? 2ndly. Jenyns looks upon the Deity too much in the light of an artist. An artist deals with colours and dead canvas as he pleases, and is no more responsible to them than they are to him. God has made men responsible, and as responsible beings, they have an obvious right to look at the justice of their position, and to consider the laws under which they feel themselves placed. 3rdly. He forgets that although a finite mind can only secure approximate perfection by the due subordination of parts, God,

as infinite and omnipotent, *could* have made all beings equally good and happy. 4thly. He reasons too much from the analogy of nature, and forgets the peculiar character of man. There may be a chain in the material universe, connecting the highest of *unintelligent* organic beings with inorganic matter; but what a tremendous chasm occurs between that highest being, say the elephant or eagle and man—not to speak of that other great gulf—between the lowest of organic forms, say the oyster, and mere dead materialism! Finally, as Johnson shows, a “scale of beings descending by insensible degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing,” is metaphysically absurd, since the highest being, not infinite, must be at an infinite distance below infinity. Jenyns was a believer in Scripture; but how he could reconcile his views of Evil with those of the Bible, which distinctly states that man was made perfect, and that Evil is a positive malignant thing, we do not know.

3rdly. Calvinists, such as Edwards, have intimated their belief that God has made sin for the sake of certain ulterior objects to be gained by it. Edwards thus speaks: “There is no inconsistency in supposing that God may hate a thing as in itself, and considered as Evil, and yet that it may be his will that it should come to pass, considering all consequences; he permitting, sin *will come to pass*, for the sake of the great good, that by his disposal, shall be the consequence. *His willing to order things as that evil should come to pass*, for the sake of the contrary good, doth not prove that he doth not hate Evil as Evil.” Here notice, 1st, Edwards admits Evil to be all that we have described it. It is with him no make-believe, no modification of good, no mere difference in degree; it is the horrible deadly thing that conscience and the Bible represent it to be. And yet that horrible deadly thing he represents God as “ordering things so as to bring to pass.” 2ndly. When he uses the words “order” and “permit,” he in effect says the same as create. When you so “order circumstances” that a man falls into a pit, it is the same as if you pushed him in. When you permit a murder in your presence which you could have prevented, it is the same as if you had done it with your own hand. 3rdly. The word “permit,” implies that God could have prevented Evil; to create it, might possibly be a necessity; to permit, implies the act of a will which might have decided otherwise. 4thly. Edwards does not attempt to *prove* that sin has, ever shall, or ever can produce such consequences as would justify its express introduction into the creation, and its anointing by God’s own hand. Men who do evil which they could have avoided, in order that good might come, are not thought the best of their species; but, surely, when a divine proclaims that God deliberately opened the

sluice, which he might have kept shut, of that Evil which has been the ruin of ten thousand times ten millions of his creatures, and thinks this an honourable testimony to the Most High, he makes you wonder whether he be not after all the unconscious high-priest of Moloch, and not of God. Let us hear Dr. Young's eloquent language on the subject:—

“That the only Holy One should well decree the introduction of crime, of violence to conscience and reason, truth and right; that he should choose it as on the whole best,—that he should even *permit* it in the sense which this word is intended to convey; that at the moment when it in fact entered the universe, although he could have prevented it, he should have withdrawn himself, and for the sake of some prospective good, have suffered it to enter; so that altogether while he did nothing actively, he yet did everything directly; and on the whole, evinced that the issue was far above his will. By whatever reasonings such positions are upheld, they are inexpressibly horrible; they destroy the foundation and the soul of virtue, and they are fatal to the honour, the moral character, and the very being of the Most High; they *must* be false, else there is no virtue in the universe,—the Holy One of Israel is, will, ever must be opposed to crime.”

Dr. Young does not press against this theory the idea of the *eternal* existence of sin; that sin exists for ever, he, in common with us, seems to admit; but it is the voluntary sin of voluntary agents. But who, with a heart, can believe that God expressly made what he foreknew was to continue, and perhaps increase, for ever and ever and ever? Were this received universally, we see no help for it, but either one loud shriek of simultaneous despair, or the everlasting hush of a horror too deep for words or for tears.

There is, 4thly, the doctrine of the Manicheans, who held that there were two powers in the universe: one a good power, and one an evil power; and that from these respectively, sprang all the evil and the good in the universe. This we regard, not as the truth, but as a caricatured expression of the truth about the relation of Evil and God. In holding the past eternity of Evil, and an aboriginal Evil power from whom it sprang, it errs, because on this supposition, there must be two infinite beings—a conception impossible. Besides, if Evil be eternal from the past, it must be eternal to the end. One infinite, even could it exist along with, could not destroy another. But even from Manicheism, there can be deduced important truths. It is a strong, extravagant assertion of the soul-felt, heart-felt fact, that Evil is not God's—that he has nothing to do with it, save to destroy it. It expresses too, although in an exaggerated way, the present supremacy of Evil. Evil has at present an indefinite,

although not an absolute, or infinite power. It exhibits too, in an intense form, the reality of Evil—its extreme opposition to good. It brings out in a striking shape, that awful contest which is actually going on between Evil and good; only it would represent that contest as hopeless. It is wrong, if it asserts the divinity of Evil; but right in asserting its inevitability. In making the devil infinite, it greatly erred; and it erred still more, when in some of its forms, it taught its votaries to worship the devil; but in proclaiming his personal existence, his great antiquity, and his profound animosity to God, it was scriptural and right.

There was another form of the great Gnostic heresy, which held that the two powers sprang from an aboriginal Supreme; and this too, along with error, contained truth. Its error was in holding that God created an evil being—committed, in other words, a deadly crime. Its truth lay in its shadowing forth the facts of a Saviour and an Enemy of mankind, both sprung from God, but in very different senses: the one, the Word, being his Eternal Son; the other, Satan, created an angel of light, but transformed afterwards by his own act into an angel of darkness. Some, again, of these ancient theosophists, held that Evil sprung entirely from matter, and this too, contained in it a very important truth; for matter does and must clog and confine the motions of spirit, and bedim its views of God; but the Evil produced by matter is merely negative; it is confinement, contraction, enfeeblement; it is not that positive malignant and depraved element we call sin. Most, though not all physical evil, may perhaps be chargeable on the limitations and conditions of matter, but this will not account for the dark phenomenon of moral evil, which appears as often to flow *ab intrâ* as *ab extrâ*. Matter may in part account for the *first* death; depraved mind is the origin of the *second*.

We come now to what we have called the scriptural view of the connexion between Evil and God—a view of which Mr. Young's is one of many modifications. The peculiarities of this lie in the ideas: 1st, that God made all beings angelic and human very good; 2ndly, that the original harmony of his works was disturbed by the entrance of sin; 3rdly, that this sin did not come from God, but was injected into man by a foreign influence ("an enemy hath done this"), and that it had arisen in that enemy's *mind*, by an act of his own will—"the angels that *sinned*, kept not their first estate;" and, 4thly, that against Evil thus introduced, God hath set himself to war—has sent his Son into the world to atone for, to limit, to counteract, to save from it; and that in a future day, he is to extinguish it *on earth*; the tares are to grow with the wheat until the

harvest, and are then to be rooted up; the Evil One is to be bound, and the kingdoms of the whole world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. From the class of thinkers who base their notions on this scriptural view, two principal varieties branch off: 1st, those who hold that God could have prevented Evil, although he neither made nor sanctioned it; and 2ndly, those who, with Young, maintain that it was unpreventible—springing from the will of man; not indeed naturally or necessarily, but still directly and without any divine aid. We shall, ere proceeding to analyze his book, proceed to state what appears to us to be the state of the case, so far as human thought or scripture information at present carry us.

The universe, then, is simply a thought of its Maker expressed in matter and in mind, as certainly as a table or cabinet is a thought of the architect expressed in wood, or the thought of an author in a book. Now, in contemplating this august utterance of God's thought, we see abundant evidences of wisdom, power, and gracious purpose. It is the work of an infinite mind, although it be only in itself a finite effect; but not merely is it finite, but it seems a work *resisted*—resisted in various ways—partly by the nature of the material which *cannot*, in its very essence, *fully* reflect the mind of the former, and partly by an influence, force, or call it what else we please, which seems to have crossed and shattered the workmanship. Whence could that shattering blow have come? Not surely from the Architect; he never would have thus thrown himself in the path of his own purposes, and with his left hand undone what his right hand was doing. From some other sphere, remote from, and disconnected with that where he is supreme? This were to deny his absolute dominion, and to deny all absolute being or almightiness too. From a desire to see how well his work would recover from a shock, which although he did not originate, he permitted? But, 1st, whence still could that shock have come; and, 2ndly, is it likely that he would from mere prospective, however certain good, have permitted his splendid structure to be marred? Or, finally, was his thought resisted through an essential peculiarity in the substance we call mind, just as it was in a less measure resisted by the necessary limitations of the substance we call matter? And was this resistance of a kind God foreseen, but which he could only prevent by forbearing to create? This, we with our author, deem the most probable view of the stupendous difficulty, although we admit at once, that it does not fully solve the question as to the relation between Evil and God. It shows, however, the direction in which the explanation of the difficulty lies, and in

which it shall be found, when the stronger light of eternity shall dart upon the subject, and make all mysteries plain.

Dr. Young, it must be carefully noticed, does not profess in this very able volume, to solve the mystery of the origin of Evil; but, in the 1st place, to show where it is *not* to be found—in the divine will; and, 2ndly, to show where it lies, although as yet dimly seen in the will of the creature. *That* it is in the creature he seeks to show, although *how* it is, he admits to be a question above him. He thinks, and justly, that he would have gained a great step, had he simply proved that Evil was not, and could not be from God. But he goes a step farther, and seeks to show that it is, and must be from the creature, nay more, that it was unpreventible by God, unless, as we remarked before, by his abstaining from the act of creation, either of matter or mind.

Dr. Young commences his investigation by propounding three great questions: 1st. As to the Infinite One; 2ndly. As to the Infinite One creating; and, 3rdly. As to the harmony between the facts of the universe and the attributes of God. In reference to the first, he finds that unconditioned being must be mental—a mind; that it must be infinitely perfect; that the moral is the highest region of the divine; that the “rectitude, veracity, purity, benevolence, and, withal, paternity of the Divine Being, are first principles—eternal, immutable truths;” and that it is impossible that he can do anything that is not morally excellent and beautiful, worthy of the approbation, the admiration, and the veneration of all his intelligent creatures. In reference to the Infinite One creating, he begins by stating his idea of creation. It is “causing existence (that is limited existence)” to begin. This moment, there is nothing but the Infinite; the next, there is *something else*, which we call matter, or created mind, in being. This effect is essentially and infinitely removed from the eternal, self-existent mind—its Author! Here he shows the absurdity of Pantheism, which is nothing less than an impossible and self-contradictory confounding of the infinite with the finite, of the eternal with the temporal. He denies that the effect must be a mere form or mode of the cause, or that it must be of the same nature with the cause. Suffice it, that the effect never exceeds the cause, that the Infinite has power to create matter, and that while its creation is not contradictory, its eternal existence *is*.

Here we demur as to one point. That the finite is everlastingly below and distinct from the infinite is unquestionable; but why should it not have *been* everlastingly below and distinct from it? Why, in other words, should not God have from everlasting been creating, or rather, always been casting his own bright material shadow? A metaphysical difficulty pre-

vents, as we have seen, the idea of two eternal and infinite beings. But if at any moment God had the power of creating finite mind or matter, why not at all moments? If God is at present, as Dr. Young afterwards asserts, constantly radiating out matter from himself, may not some form of matter have always been proceeding from him,—not by necessity, but by an eternal voluntary act? This notion, however, we do not press; it was Milton's, and has been that of many besides; but Milton was not infallible, and the only infallible authority we possess on the subject seems at least to favour the view that at some given and temporal moment the work of creation began.

Dr. Young next strongly asserts that God has not left nature to herself; that laws are only the method of God in his march through his own works, and that "the whole course of material nature, in its minutest and grandest departments, is nothing else than the Infinite acting *directly, immediately* acting." This is the common belief among many of our modern spiritualistic philosophers. It is a reaction and protest against the idea of the universe being a mere machine. May not, however, the reaction and the protest have gone too far? And has not the extreme of this view led to Pantheism? That God touches the deepest heart—the mainspring of the whole manifold and majestic motion—we doubt not. That God is present in and president over all the various byeways and highways of nature and providence, is equally clear. But that God, by a *perpetual succession of separate volitions*, is so identified with the universe as that its every movement—the crushing, shall we say, of its cities by earthquake, without distinction of moral or immoral, adult or infant, and a thousand other anomalies—are all done by the immediate act and will of God, seems to us a monstrous thought, and one which subjects itself to all, and more than all the difficulties of the Pantheistic hypothesis. Here, again, as in the introduction of moral evil, we amidst the darkness would plead for God and say, Why such things as these are done, we cannot tell. How their existence can be explained in consistency with the Divine attributes, or sundered from the direct workmanship of the Divine hand, we cannot tell. But this we do know on the strength of our faith and moral instincts, that they are not either immediately done, or in any way sanctioned by the Divine Being. They, like moral evil (and indeed they *are* essentially the same), are *in* God's universe, but they are not God's, either by purpose, or sanction, or act. May there not be, as indeed some hints in the Bible would seem to indicate, a will or multitude of wills operating against God in the material universe, even as we all grant that there are wills manifold resisting and contradicting his purpose in the moral. But

this point too, we forbear to press, as it is wrapt in deep uncertainty.

In his third chapter of part second, our author begins to feel his way, as it were, to the grand difficulty by showing that while in the world of mind God is working, he is not working alone. Man is working too, and working, alas! often in diametrical opposition to the mind and will of God.

"To reconcile the conflicting principles and phenomena of the moral world—the existence of evil with Divine working—and a determined plan with voluntary activity in man,—is the overwhelming labour from which it is impossible not to recoil, but which we are impelled to attempt."—P. 80.

In his third part, Dr. Young proceeds, first, to point to Evil as the "all-embracing, all-defying mystery of the world." Evil has two horns—physical and moral; but the second is incomparably the bigger and blacker of the two. Physical evil, he says, is much modified by temperament, and there is probably more happiness than misery in the world; but still there does exist much suffering in the earth that seems uncalled for, uncompensated, and unjust. On the whole, it had been incomparably better if suffering had never existed. But physical evil dwindles in the presence of moral, which is the tremendous parent-mystery of the universe. And he proceeds to look at it first, in the light of reason, and secondly, in that of revelation. In his chapter entitled, "Physical and Moral Evil in the Light of Reason" he first strongly advocates the doctrine of responsibility as grounded in the fact of conscience—as unfolded in the sense of the infinite—and as finding its highest significance in the intuition of immortality. In the next section he enters on the great question as to the freedom of the will, and rests his belief in it principally on the indestructible testimony of consciousness. "*We know*," as Dr. Johnson said, "that our will is free, and *there's an end on't*." Man, as a voluntary being, is necessarily, in the last instance, governed by himself. God, indeed, operates on his will in ten thousand ways; but his power nevertheless of choosing, is an independent cause apart from everything else, and he does not NECESSARILY yield to any even of the Divine influences. He is so far a productive, creative power,—an actor, and not a mere instrument. Dr. Young backs his belief in this, by the authorities of Kant, Coleridge, Reid, Hamilton, and Cousin. Admitting that Edwards has proved that what is called the

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\* Boswell's Johnson, ch. xxii.

self-determining power of the will is an absurdity, he maintains with great force that man is not necessarily swayed by the strongest motive; that the motive to which he yields may be the weakest in reason, and the wickedest in conscience; and that he is endowed with an "absolute power of choice, with perfect liberty to choose;" and that if not, there can be no moral responsibility. At the same time, he makes much allowance for the strong pressure, in certain constitutions, through physical structure, towards certain moral evils; but contends that God has given all men a capacity of so using their will as to restrain or modify these tendencies. In section third, he contends that moral evil is not a mere effect of circumstances; that it is not fully explained by matter, but that its essence lies in the abuse of freedom; and that it is nothing more nor less than the will of the creature resisting that of the Creator.

In section fourth, he asserts that the Creator is infinitely opposed to moral evil. He boldly breaks ground by asserting that no amount of good—not an eternity of physical or moral good to myriads of beings—could compensate moral evil, or justify its existence. He expresses his horror at those who, like Soame Jenyns and Edwards, make God the author of sin. But now arises the awful question, Whence has this accursed thing come into the universe? But there is one earlier and more profound, Wherefore did God create at all? And this leads him to consider the final cause of God in creation. He asserts that creation was with God the result, not of a necessity to create, so much as of the irrepressible lovingness of his divine nature—in other words, arose from a moral, not an intellectual necessity. This necessity led God to the creation of beings like himself—beings endowed with reason, love, and will. Hence came man, gifted with a power to choose evil or good. And in this constitution of man's will, lay the source of evil. God could not have prevented its appearance, except by annihilating the will and the whole being; but as long as will was will, it must be free to make a wrong as well as a right choice. This is not to limit God's almightiness. God cannot make a square a triangle, or a triangle a square. Man is able to resist his Maker; his Maker could not *in the circumstances* have prevented it. Man has accordingly resisted God, and hence sin and all its black consequences. This dark entity not only did God not make, but he abhorred it, and set himself instantly to take measures for its destruction. "All good from God, and nothing but good from God! All evil only and wholly from the creature!" To this *our* hearts at least are ready to respond, *Amen* and *Amen*!

In section fifth, he illustrates the truth that "physical evil is the necessary effect, but also the divine corrective of moral evil." This is one of the most interesting and eloquent chapters in the book. We think it not, however, the most satisfactory. That many, probably most of the physical evils in the world spring from sin, and are designed to correct, punish, and retrieve it, is certain. But when he says, "That not a pang, not a groan, not a tear, not a sigh has place in our world which could have been spared on any ground of rectitude, wisdom, and love," we are tempted to demur. Without dwelling on the sufferings of the lower animals, surely there is often what we may call a superfluity of woe—of woe too, which does not appear to produce good, but evil consequences; which we have difficulty in reconciling with the goodness of God, and which we must look to as requiring not only explanation, but compensation in the life to come. Perhaps some of these dark phenomena may be explained on the ground of some resistance to God having extended even to the physical as well as the moral world; but be the explanation what it may, the mournfullest and most appalling mystery rests on the subject of human suffering: madness handed down from one generation to another—tendencies to suicide in a similar way perpetuated from age to age—beings comparatively guiltless apparently suffering most—little children passing through the sharpest pangs to death—the miseries and degradations of the negro race;—these are only a few of the dreadful facts which compel the exclamation, "Clouds and darkness are round about Thee, O Thou Most High! Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself."

In the second chapter of the third part, Dr. Young proceeds to look at physical and moral evil in the brighter light of the Word of God. And this leads him to find a corroboration of his theory in the angelic revolt. From the fact that angels as well as men have fallen, he argues that created intelligence is necessarily fallible, although, of course, he does not mean to say, that it must necessarily fall; nor, we presume, to deny that the holiness of restored sinners, and of the angels who kept their first estate, is, in some way or other, infallibly secured. Otherwise, there might be a *succession* of falls to all eternity. His remarks on the angelic revolt, are guarded, but good. He marks the difference of their constitution as a race from that of man. Man belonging to a "hereditary, associated, representationary system," while the condition of angels seems to have been one of "complete individual independence and responsibility." He alludes too, to the fact that the angels were entirely free from external temptation. Evil was the "effect of the mere native

choice of their own wills, unprompted, unsolicited, perfectly spontaneous."

We wish that he had lingered a little more on this mysterious, but most interesting subject—the first appearance of Evil in the mind of the archangel, whose "former name is heard no more in Heaven." In that first evil thought we see the fountain of the black river, which has since spread its innumerable streams through the history of infernal and human beings. Had that thought never entered his transcendent mind, or had it died instantly away, like a film from the eye—like the shadow of a single summer's cloud from the immeasurable blue! Vain the wish—vain also the inquiry, Why did it enter? Perhaps after that thought was once thought, it became impossible to suppress it. Pandora's box had burst open, and could not be shut. The deed of eating the forbidden fruit had been rehearsed in Heaven, and the rest required to follow. And even as the oak lies in the acorn, there lay in that aboriginal thought (whether it was a thought of pride, or doubt, or malignity, or of all summed up in one), in that one mighty misconception, lay the essence of all the evil and wretchedness that were to arise in the universe.

Awful moment when that thought appeared! Moment for ever accursed, when Evil first lifted up its horrid head amidst the serene and holy heavens of God! Let the memory of it we say, but say in vain, perish! Let it not come into the number of those moments recorded in the everlasting archives of Heaven, or if recorded there, let a dark blot stain its memorial! Were there no phenomena, no symptoms which marked the instant of the portentous birth? Did no shudder run through the celestial armies? Did no cloud gather before the inaccessible splendours of the throne of God? Did not then a mystic hand appear writing on the wall of Satan's palace, the words, "*Mene, Mene, Tekel*: Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting, thy kingdom is departed from thee?" Or, without any such outward signs, did there not enter immediately after the first evil thought into his heart, an unutterable horror including in it condensed centuries of hell—the first and fiercest touch of the everlasting fire—the first and bitterest drop of the burning Amreeta cup; the first and keenest gnawing of the worm that dieth not. A poet, too well qualified to speak on such a theme, speaks of—

"That deep and shuddering chill  
Which follows fast the deeds of ill."

but who can conceive of *that* chilly shudder, that deep thrill of bottomless despair, which told Satan, *that* with the first wicked

thought, all was lost; the damnation of myriads secured; the dark entity of Evil born, and he himself become for ever and ever *the Devil!*

Dr. Young comes next to the creation and probation of man by God. Here he states again the intense distinction between the probation of angels and that of man. Man was the representative of his descendants, and he was exposed to external temptation. Why, is it asked, was he so exposed? Dr. Young thinks that it was impossible morally, although possible physically, to have prevented it. Besides, even had he been secured from this outward danger, there was still within a greater, and the same which had destroyed angels. Temptation, moreover, was not the *cause*, only the occasion of sin. The first sin of man was in reality from himself.

In the second section of this chapter, our author enters on the course of Evil on earth, and the influences directed against it by God. Here he rightly takes high ground in judging of the procedure of the Almighty. *That*, has been from first to last, a "plan for putting down sin;" a plan not indeed always very clearly visible, and that often seems strangely interrupted, and sometimes violently driven back, but which is still progressive and struggling on towards its completion. Dr. Young divides this period into four epochs: that of Divine Benignity, or the Antediluvian Age; that of Judgment, or the Flood; that of the Exceptional Elective System—the System of Judaism; and that of the Mystery of all Time, or Christianity. God in the antediluvian age, began to develope his mercy. This was manifest even in the long life of the patriarchs, and in the length of time ere he came forth from his place to punish the dreadful wickedness of the old world. By the judgment of the Flood, he sought to show the connexion between physical and moral evil in a striking manner; and this "act," like a lofty and massive column, which all the world might henceforth see, rises up at the commencement of the second epoch of human history. Life too, was shortened in order to bring out more impressively what the wages of sin were. The third epoch was one of selection. For the purpose of preserving divine truth, a particular people and locality were chosen as its depositories. This end was answered. But still the general condition of the world was lamentable. A new, broad, and sublime interference on the part of God became necessary; and lo! there arose at last, amidst a darkened earth, the bright finger of the Cross, pointing at once to God's love to the sinner and his hatred of sin, and proclaiming, "Behold the goodness and the severity of God!" This mystery of all time, 1st, presented an Incarnation of Divinity; 2ndly, a new expression and medium of Infinite mercy; 3rdly, a Perfect Humanity;

4thly, a New Revelation of Spiritual Truth ; and, 5thly, a new fountain and channel of the Divine Spirit ; and Dr. Young shows with great force and eloquence, how each of these was adapted to promote God's grand aim of warring with, and extirpating evil. He closes this section with a confident prediction that Christian truths and laws are advancing to the sovereignty of the world ; and that on earth, the power of Evil is to be extirpated.

In section third and last, he casts one reverent and timorous glance into the darkness of the future world. All he says about that fearful doctrine of Eternal Punishment is this : "The universe shall contain a type of sin in its *last results*—an image of the doom which is condensed in that tremendous word—Perdition ! The thought is unutterably affecting. Far, far without, not beyond the range of celestial vision, but not obtruding upon it, there may be a dim, and dark, and mysterious phantasm—the only speck in a universe of light, and too remote withal, to cast upon it the faintest shadow." Apart from this, the entire whole is to be a universe of light. The unveiling of the great image of Eternal Truth shall begin and go on for ever. Every step shall be a true advance ; every effort a triumph ;—overawed, but not disheartened by the conviction that "the Infinite," whether as Truth or as Being, is never to be known, we shall be enraptured by the deep assurance that "the Knowable" of God, eternity shall not exhaust. Ever brighter, ever grander, ever more ravishing, more strengthening, and more satisfying, shall be our conceptions of spiritual truth, and of "Him who is past finding out."

Such is a rapid and imperfect analysis of this very admirable volume on Evil and God. It cannot, we think, be doubted for a moment, that our author has treated the subject with reverence, with modesty, with deep humility of spirit, and with a large measure of genuine philosophic and theologic insight. He has gone to his task, not in a tentative, far less in a vainglorious spirit, but from sincere desire to find out some such approximate solution of the mystery as may serve to give him and his readers a gleam of satisfaction, or at least a ray of hope, under its deep and awful darkness. He has not fully solved it ; but he does not pretend to have done so, but solely to have indicated the quarter where the solution may yet be found, although not probably till eternity. He has gone up the Nile to that point where, as it were, the main channel divides from the minor ; and to search for the fountain, whence that flows, he has hardily dared, although he has not, like Bruce, reached it, and had the melancholy privilege of mingling his tears with the waters. The

style in which he has conducted his research, is a fine compromise between the philosophic and the popular, although here and there in anxiety to be clear, he becomes rather loose and declamatory. The writing is not as a whole, so exquisitely polished and equable as in "The Christ of History," but is in general as pellucid, and in parts more powerful. Let us quote a single paragraph :—

"The All-Mighty Father of Minds is reigning; amidst the crimes, the confusions, and the sufferings of this world. He is pursuing a Divine Plan; putting down, first moral, and then physical evil; modifying, distributing, allotting physical evil in order to put down moral evil; retrieving and correcting that wilful abuse of liberty, which is the original and sole fountain of all that degrades, afflicts, and pollutes creation; bringing back the soul of man to its rightful guides, Conscience and Reason; to those laws which alone ought to govern intelligent moral beings, which indeed (in the necessity of the nature of things) must govern, if creation is to be a harmony; restoring and realizing the original Divine idea of the universe as a reign of righteousness, truth, and love; exhibiting Creation as a family and a home—the Everlasting One with the many around him, each a glorious and spotless reflection of the Source of Being."—Pp. 237, 238.

To prevent misapprehensions, we would conclude with assuring our readers, that if Dr. Young has given in this volume less prominence than some of them might expect to certain cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith, such as the atonement and justification by faith, it is not that he disbelieves them, for we *know* that he does hold them, but simply from the restriction of his plan, which was that of grappling with one special and very difficult theme. Altogether we regard this able and manly volume with a certain feeling of awe, approaching to horror and consternation, as we revolve the gloomy theme and feel that it has a height and depth, and length and breadth, which pass all understanding. Perhaps Dr. Young has gone about as far as man in this mortal state ever can towards the solution of the connexion, not more inscrutable than confounding, between Evil and God.

ART. VI.—*Ismeer; or, Smyrna and its British Hospital in 1856.*  
By a Lady. London: James Madden, Leadenhall Street.

WHILST many have undertaken to narrate with historic gravity the events of the late war, to tell of moving accidents by flood and field, a Scotch lady—one of that Samaritan band who offered their services as nurses to the army of the East—has stepped forth to record her experiences of its varied incidents in, as it were, a side scene of the great drama—the Hospital. Reader, be not alarmed! she does not dedicate her work to details of suffering. She gives no unnecessary direful descriptions of sores and cataplasms, of fevers and physis. She tells, however—and tells lightly and pleasantly—many an anecdote of doctor, patient, and nurse; gives sensible accounts of the Hospital, and the system of its management, and lets us know something about what she saw of Turkish, Greek, and Jewish life in Smyrna.

Everywhere on their journey, she and her sisters in this work of charity were treated with respect, the object of their mission being understood by all. At the railway station as they proceeded to the train, the officials doffed their hats, and that too with a solemnity that told deeply on their moved spirits. When landing at Boulogne, a party of *poissardes* assembled on the pier to bid them welcome. One of these women inquired of our fair friend if her associates were *rouées*; but on being informed that they were only British women who had little to do at home, and were willing to go out from a sense of duty and render what succour they could to the wounded in the Crimea, she exclaimed that they were *braves femmes*, and were doing a grand thing. The impression produced was the greater, that these ladies went out of their free accord, under the constraint of no vow. Occasionally a little pleasantry takes place. The railway guards on opening the doors of the carriages and finding them full of women clothed in grey, would slam them to, muttering, "*Ces religieuses Anglaises*," upon which some one of the ladies would remark, "You mistake, my friend, we are not *religieuses Anglaises*, but *Anglaises religieuses*."\*

At Malta they knew sufficient of the language to understand that the elder portion of the male population, with a good deal of enthusiasm, called them "angels," and the younger "asses," as they passed through the street. However, without any

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\* The word *religieuse* in the first instance signifies a *nun*, a Sister of Charity, of Mercy, &c.; any woman who dedicates herself to religion by a vow. In the second, it is simply used as an adjective, and means *pious*.

casualties of any kind, although the romance of their undertaking wore off a little whilst crossing the Channel, and when first on the Mediterranean, they arrived safely at Smyrna, their earnestness and determination nowise damped, not even by the heavy rain amidst which they landed.

“How it did rain!” exclaims our adventurous philanthropist, “and how wretched and uncomfortable everything looked as I came on deck to take my first view of ‘the Queen City of the Levant—Ismeer, the Beautiful!’ If it were possible for Smyrna to have looked ugly, it must have done so then; but no, the bay with its splendid setting of hills and mountains of every form and hue; the town, commencing literally in the sea, and reaching, with its picturesque houses, mosques, minarets, and groves of cypress, nearly to the top of the hill on which it is built, and which is crowned by a ruined castle, while a little farther down, conspicuous from all quarters with its single cypress, stands isolated and alone the grave of Polycarp;—all formed a picture which even then convinced me it had not been misnamed—‘Ismeer the Beautiful!’”

The first serious inconvenience experienced by our friend was the difficulty of procuring board and lodging, matters being conducted here as elsewhere on the part of the home-governing powers with the most delectable want of forethought and management. They might as well have dropped down from the skies; for although a rumour had reached Smyrna that a batch of lady-nurses and washerwomen were to be sent out, no official announcement of the number or the time of arrival had been made, so that no preparations for their reception existed. The only two hotels in the town were full. However, by dint of squeezing and compressing, room was found for the nurses in the Hotel d'Orient; the lady-superintendent and her husband got a chamber at the other; whilst the sixteen ladies were stowed away amongst the family of the purveyor of the Hospital, or rather amongst his wife's family; the father receiving four, two sons other four each, and a married daughter four. It was, therefore, exceedingly desirable that a house should be procured for these ladies, and as near the Hospital as possible. One was at last found in a sufficiently habitable condition to accommodate, and near enough to the Hospital not to fatigue them by a long walk before their duties commenced. The house externally looked by a blank wall and a small wooden door upon the street; internally, upon a court, a part of which was paved with smooth stones of different colours, inlaid so as to represent flowers and fanciful designs, and a part railed off to form a garden. Around three sides of the court extended the dwelling house, consisting of bed-rooms, bath-rooms, two or three dark closets, and a dining-hall—nine rooms in all, accommodating

twenty persons. On the fourth side were the kitchen offices, and in the wall which connected them with the main building, the fountain. On entering the house a flight of two or three steps led to a paved vestibule out of which the rooms opened on either side. A novel inconvenience experienced by our ladies upon their first location in a Turkish house was, that the rooms having two sets of windows, the one looking outside upon the country and the other in upon the vestibule, they could not enjoy that privacy so dear to a Briton's heart.

The furniture and decorations were of very primitive description. Most of the rooms had divans, or the wooden framework for them, which served in the dining-hall for a side-board, and everywhere as a shelter to insects. A basin-stand, a table and chair were allotted to two; each had a separate iron-bedstead made high for the musquito curtains, and excessively *shaky*. The mattresses, pillows, and bolsters were stuffed with wool.

"The two latter," complains our heroine, "were like flint; and I was going to unpick mine and take some of the wool out, when a lady standing by frightened me by talking about 'government property,' and the impropriety of meddling with it, so I let them alone. We had coarse unbleached cotton sheets, two blankets, and a horse-cloth counterpane."—P. 28.

The Hospital stood upon the beach within five minutes' walk of the dwelling house. It was a large red-brick building, three storeys high, consisting of a main body and two short wings. On each storey, a passage or corridor extended its whole length, and from these opened chambers or wards, with windows looking, as in the dwelling house, both into the open air and into the corridor. The Hospital contained eight divisions, and to each division three physicians or surgeons were appointed, whilst two sisters, two nurses, one ward-master, and one orderly, had the charge of every ten or twelve beds. In each ward a sort of dresser had been fitted up, along which plates, knives and forks, tin mugs, a few white crockery basins, &c., were ranged.

In order to be recognized and to insure the respect of the soldiers whom they served, it was thought advisable by the organizers of this charitable company, that ladies, nurses, and washerwomen should all adopt the same costume. This costume or uniform consisted of a grey or lilac coloured dress. In addition, however, to the regular dress, the nurses wore a belt or strip of brown holland, edged with red, with "Smyrna Hospital" embroidered on it in the same colour. At first, ladies and all wore the belt, but it was eventually found necessary for the better working of the whole system, that those in a subordinate position should have some mark to distinguish them from their superintendents. The belt was consequently retained

by the former, and left off by the ladies. It is a pity that any misunderstanding should have arisen amongst those who had so nobly devoted themselves to the succour of the weak and the wounded, at the risk of their own lives, about the rank they were to occupy. Servants, nurses, and washerwomen, we are told, went out with an idea that they were to be placed on an equality with the ladies, and that because the latter had taken upon them the office of nurses, that they had forfeited the respect due to their former position. This misunderstanding, we are happy to find, was rectified in the end, and all contributed in perfect harmony to this work of charity.

The reader will doubtless be curious to know something about the occupations and the duties of the nurses. At first things were in a deplorable state. Dr. Meyer had not arrived, and the rules and regulations had not been fixed, so that each acted according to his or her individual idea of what was best to be done. There was an insufficiency of stores; neither pots nor pans, basins, jugs, nor anything in which to keep the food prepared for the men, had been provided; besides which, the kitchen utensils were altogether inadequate to the demand. At length things began to assume a little more order, and store-closets were fitted up for the lady-nurses at the end of the corridors. In these closets were shelves and drawers and a small table, and a couple of seats, so that they could sit and rest, and employ themselves at the same time, and yet be within call.

The good achieved by the Sisters, was rather of a moral than of a practical nature, though they could, if necessity required it, lend a hand to anything. Their principal duties consisted in seeing that the doctors' orders were carried out with discretion in the spirit as well as the letter—that nothing was done out of time, over-done, or neglected—in keeping systematic regularity—and above all, in exercising a moral influence over the soldiers. This influence was the greater, because the poor men could scarcely believe that ladies in an independent position of life, would feel such interest in them as to visit their sick beds so many thousand miles away from home; and when they found that such was the case, and experienced, day after day, their kind and unwearying attentions, their gratitude knew no bounds. The men were consequently very submissive, and rarely exhibited any symptoms of insubordination, however hard the restrictions imposed upon them. Only in the instance of smoking—which was forbidden in the wards—is it recorded, that disobedience occurred. The anti-smoking regulations were too much for them; they would do anything, risk anything, suffer anything, but they must smoke.

On one occasion a man had just had one of his toes taken off, under the influence of chloroform. It bled profusely; and the surgeon after binding it up, went away, giving strict injunctions not to allow the patient to move, and promising to send some medicine which he was to take immediately. The lady-nurse was called away for a few minutes to another patient, but left strict orders that M—— was not to put his foot to the ground. On her return, she was surprised to find the bed empty; and after some searching she discovered him, by the traces of blood on the stairs and corridor, sitting down in the yard, smoking his pipe with the greatest *sang froid*. She spoke to him seriously about disobeying orders, and doing himself an injury; but he was perfectly callous on the subject of his toe. She succeeded, however, on working on his feelings at having stained the corridor with blood; and he came back, saying, "Indeed, ma'am, I could not help going to have a pipe, for that was the nastiest stuff I ever got drunk on in my life," alluding to the taste of the chloroform. Sometimes the nurses could not fail being attracted to the wards, guided by their olfactory nerves, but the instant they entered, the pipe was smuggled under the bed-clothes. The excuse was generally the same: "Please, ma'am, I have the tooth-ache so bad."

A good deal of tact was necessary to deal with the various tempers and dispositions of the soldiers, so as to insure good order and peace in the wards. The restraint of sickness was not always sufficient. To illustrate this, we shall use the words of our authoress in the anecdote we are about to relate:—

"I had, in one of my wards," she writes, "an Irishman, C——, rather a *mauvais sujet*, and used to have frequent complaints made of his rudeness and quarrelsome disposition.

"One day while sitting in my 'den,' I heard C—— outside, talking, and constantly making use of violent language. I got up, saying, 'I must tell C—— to be quiet.'

"'You had better not,' said a lady, sitting by, 'you will only be answered insolently.'

"I went, however, and said very quietly, 'C——, I am sorry to hear you speak in that manner. You are the only man in the division I have ever heard swear, and I hope you will not do it again.'

"'Well, mem, I'm sure I wouldn't do nothing to offend you, for ye're a rale leddy, and a very well-natured leddy too, and I ax yer pardon; but I raly didn't know ye was in there, or I wouldn't have done it.'

"'It ought not to make any difference to you, C——, whether I was there or not; it is equally bad.'

"'Thru, for ye, mem; but faith, it's very difficult for a soldier to give up the habit of swearing, he's so used to it; but I'll try.'

"A very short time after, I heard a sound of loud voices down the

corridor, and went out to restore peace. I found C—— had been at some of his malpractices, which had provoked the second lady of my division to scold him rather sharply. He had retorted in no measured language, and I came up just in time to hear him say: "Report me, then, if ye like, and go to the divil."—P. 161.

We have, as it were to set off this, an anecdote of an Irishman's gratitude. In the next bed to that of a patient whom our authoress was attending, lay a tall red-haired sergeant. This sergeant always eyed her with what she thought a sullen look. Being unable to feed himself, the doctor gave our fair friend permission to make something palatable for him, and she made him a custard. "He let me feed him in silence," she tells us; "and I was going away confirmed in my impression of his sullenness, when a most fervent exclamation, in the richest Irish brogue, of 'God bless ye, ye're a fine woman!' arrested my attention, and on turning round, I saw the red-haired sergeant looking after me, with tears in his eyes." On a similar occasion, another patient relieved his grateful heart by exclaiming, "*You're not a 'ooman, you're a hangel!*"

In preparing little delicacies for the really sick patients, and in assiduous attentions upon the feeble, it sometimes happened that a feeling of jealousy was engendered amongst the others, who thought themselves neglected and aggrieved accordingly. Extreme circumspection had, therefore, to be exercised; and to the honour of the nurses, it should be stated, that they did impose upon themselves great restraint; and though one patient from his peculiar situation, or the character of his disposition, won their special sympathies, they endeavoured to act impartially towards all.

At one time a sectarian jealousy arose in the Hospital from the Roman Catholic priest finding some tracts issued by the "Evangelical Alliance Society," by the bed-side of one of the patients. He complained that the nurses had been trying to proselytize one of his people, and in his remonstrance to the chaplain, said: "I cannot think what these people (referring to the nurses) are, they neither belong to you nor to me; the only things I can compare them to, are a sort of spiritual Bashi-b'zouks!" On entering, patients were asked whether they were Catholics or Protestants. One man insisted on being put down a "Methodee." When informed that there was no necessity for stating what sect he belonged to, he pertinaciously said, "But I am a Methodee, and I'll be put down a Methodee." The ruling passion strong in death was exemplified in the instance of another patient, who exhibited the least possible amount of religious knowledge, but who had *moneys* lodged in the hands of the purveyor. On being asked, when there was no prospect

of his recovery, to whom he wished to leave it, he mentioned his father and mother, yet seemed most unwilling to part with it. Looking up eagerly with his large sunken eyes, after a short pause, he said, "But s'posin', I don't die, they o'nt get it then, wull they? If I don't die, I wants it mysel'."

But all this while, we have forgotten to give the reader an idea of the duties performed by the lady-nurses. It must, therefore, be premised that all ladies and nurses throughout the establishment, acted under the orders of the medical superintendent, communicated by the lady-superintendent.

*Chief Sister of the Division.*—The duties of the chief sister of the division, consisted in taking care of the bedding, linen, dresses, utensils, &c. of the wards over which she was appointed; of visiting the rooms frequently in the course of the day to see that the regulations were strictly adhered to, and the doctors' orders carried out, and of sending for the surgeon should a sudden change take place in any of the patients. She had also to see that the meals were regularly served up, and in the just proportion; that the beds and linen were changed at the proper time; and that the most scrupulous cleanliness was everywhere enforced. The division to which she belonged, was placed under her immediate charge, as well as the superintendence of the sisters, nurses, ward-master and male attendants attached to it. It was her duty also to give in, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, to the resident medical officer, a return of the articles wanted in her division, and she was required to be in attendance from eight A.M. to five P.M.

*Second Sister.* simply assisted the chief sister of her division, and in case of her absence, took her place. Sometimes a portion of the patients was allotted to her, to whom she administered medicines and drinks.

*Nurses.*—The nurses were required to be on duty from six A.M. to half-past eight P.M., except during such intervals as were necessary for their meals; to obey the orders of the medical officer in dressing wounds, &c.; to administer drinks, medicine, &c.; to watch carefully the state of the patients, and to report progress to the chief sister in case of any unfavourable turn.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the merits of these regulations, or the efficiency with which they were carried out. Nothing that could add to the restoration of a patient, if it were attainable, was neglected. But, besides administering to their bodily wants, there was an equal necessity for occupying their minds, and thus relieving the dull monotony of their existence. Various expedients were resorted to. Sometimes the ladies would employ them in performing little offices of kindness for them, or invent occupations and amusements. Sometimes they gave one an egg

to beat, another, a lemon to squeeze, a third, rice to pick, a fourth, a tin to clean, a fifth, rules to copy, &c. &c. These of course were the convalescent.

"Many of them employed themselves in making small presents for the ladies and nurses, such as slippers and chess-boards made from pieces of their old coats; carved puzzles and ornaments, many of them very ingenious; little match-boxes, made in form of modern boots and shoes; rings made of hair, &c., while some engraved the names of the Sisters on the spoons and other articles belonging to the store-closets, which, if put down for a moment, were sure to disappear."—P. 113.

The most fashionable employment, however, was rug-making. One described by our authoress must have been very elegant and interesting. It was made out of the coats worn at the different engagements. In the centre was a wreath of laurel of red cloth, to represent the blood-stained laurel of victory, whilst the flag of the three Christian allied nations were so arranged as to seem to uphold the flag of Turkey from falling. The crown, with the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, and the initials of the Queen and Prince Albert, ornamented the top. The name of the lady to whom the rug was given figured between the flags. Many other devices, such as bugles, cannon, shot, camp utensils, the words *Alma*, *Inkermann*, and *Balaklava*, were interwoven into it, whilst at the bottom, "Peace to the brave," and on either side of it, "*Smyrna Hospital*," completed the design. Her Majesty, hearing of this curious manufacture, desired to see it, and having seen it, expressed a wish to be allowed to keep it.

The intellectual wants of the soldiers were not neglected. It is true, the library was not very extensive; a portion of the chapel being screened off for the reception of such books as were sent out from England. "A great many of the books sent out were quite useless," writes our authoress, "but we had some very suitable ones, which they read with much avidity." "*Chambers's Miscellany*," was in great request; also, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Home Friend*, the *Family Herald*, *Lives of Lord Nelson* and the *Duke of Wellington*, *Carleton's "Tales of the Irish Peasantry,"* and above all, "*Brave Words for Brave Soldiers and Sailors.*" A convalescent patient acted as librarian under the direction of the chaplain, kept account of the books given out to each division, and exchanged them for those which had been in other wards. The "*Mosque Ward*," one of the prettiest in the building, was allotted to invalided sergeants, who took a pride in keeping it neat and tidy. They also cut up the *Illustrated London News*, mounted the pictures on

blue paper, and hung them thus framed around the walls of the room; the one occupying the most prominent place, being the Queen presenting the medals to the Crimean soldiers.

"Writing verses," we are told, "used to be a favourite amusement among many of them (the patients). I subjoin some verses written by a man, F——, a patient of Dr. Wood's, who had a very bad pulmonary complaint, which, it was thought, would prevent his ever seeing again the bright green fields of Old England. But F—— had brighter prospects in view, and looked for a better country, even a heavenly! He did live to reach home; but whether alive now or not, I cannot tell. During his stay in hospital he wrote out for himself a selection of texts from Scripture, making them into a little book, which he called 'Daily Food;' and he evidenced by his conduct and temper that he did live by the Word of God,—

" 'Jesus, Thou precious bleeding Lamb!  
To Thy dear side I come;  
For in Thy blessed Word I find  
That Thou wilt cast out none.

" 'Oh, that my heart was filled with love  
To love Thy blessed name!  
And see Thee with an eye of faith—  
That loving body slain.

" 'Help me to feed on Thy dear Word  
With true and loving faith,  
That I may love Thee better, Lord,  
And see Thy smiling face.

" 'Oh, melt my heart to glowing love,  
And draw my soul to Thee!  
That I may look to Thee above,  
And in Thy death to Calvary!'"

When the men had sufficiently recovered to leave for the Crimea, or were reported so invalided as to be sent home, the separation from their nurses was very painful. Many a poor fellow who, just strong enough to move about, was ordered to join his regiment, looked wistfully back upon the good treatment he had received, and fancied health scarcely a blessing with the loss of so much kind attention. Others again, homesick, longed to be with their families and friends in England. Not a few, however, looked forward even on their bed of sickness to the time when they should be on the battle-field again, fighting by the side of their comrades, and winning with them other Almas, other Inkermans, and other Balaklavas.

"Might I march through life again,  
In spite of every ill,  
To the end of life's campaign  
I would be a soldier still,"—

is the burthen of a poem frequently repeated by other of the Hospital-patients.

As we have before said, the experiences of our Anglo-Samaritan were not confined to the Hospital. When her duties were less arduous and pressing, she contrived to visit the bazaars, accept invitations to weddings and other domestic festivals, and to collect much curious information from the ladies of Smyrna. Occasionally she ventured to join a party and make an excursion into the country; but the state of the country did not allow of many such excursions, brigandage being the order of the day as well as of the night.

We have an amusing account of the seizure of a physician which we are tempted to give as complete as the limits of our space will permit us. It not only is amusing in itself, but it will enable our readers to judge for themselves of the manner in which our fair authoress tells her own stories:—

“On the evening of Sunday, the 10th of June, we were put into a dreadful state of excitement by the tidings of the capture of Dr. M’Raith, one of the resident medical men of Smyrna, by a party of Greek brigands, of whom rumours had been afloat some time. . . . The news was not long in reaching Smyrna, and almost all the gentlemen of our party were quickly in the saddle, some on donkeys, others on horseback, eager to rescue poor Dr. M’Raith, and perhaps hardly less so to encounter and capture the robbers. General Storks immediately ordered out all his available men and headed them. The Pasha sent out Almed Bey and the Turkish police force; in fact everything that could be done was done. . . . The pursuit lasted all night, and in spite, as it afterwards appeared, of their being several times close upon the robbers’ track, they could see no traces of them or their victims, and returned home fatigued and disheartened.

“Great sympathy was felt for poor Mrs. M’Raith, who had five young children, and was not in circumstances to pay the large ransom they would probably demand, even if his life were spared. He was, moreover, by no means a strong person, and was not at all unlikely to sink under the fatigues of perpetually moving from fastness to fastness in the mountains, as they seldom remain more than twelve hours in a place in order to elude pursuit, and generally moved at night, resting during the heat of the sun in some of their numerous hiding-places.

“The following day, one by one, the other persons who had been carried away, returned, having been dropped at different places and at considerable distances from each other, in order to prevent their being able to give a clue to the robbers’ route soon enough to be of any use. One was re-conducted almost to the town, and found on the top of Mount Pagus, bound in a small tower, apparently one of the outposts of the Genoese Fort. None of these seemed to be able to give a very accurate account of things. They were carried

away, had had a very rough involuntary ride, and some of them a forced march back again. This was all they could tell, except that Dr. M-Raith was alive, still in the hands of the robbers, and had been struck across the head and wounded.

"This was terrible news for poor Mrs. M-Raith; but the same evening she had a note from her husband, saying, 'he was well with the exception of a bruise, but was dreadfully fatigued; and unless a ransom of £400 could be paid, he could not survive the life he was leading.'

"General Storks did not think it right at once to agree to the ransom. It was a very bad precedent, and once given in to, it would subject the whole staff to endless trouble and danger during their stay. It was much wished to crush the system at once at whatever cost. . . . The hunt still went on; and the second day the Turkish police came in sight of them; and though they were a considerably stronger force than the robbers, I am sorry to record that, upon being fired at, and seeing one or two of their number fall, they threw down their arms, and ran away; upon which a second messenger was sent to say: 'If we wanted to capture them, we had better send out men, and not faint-hearted women.' It was now thought advisable, Mrs. M-Raith being seriously ill, and all things taken into consideration, to give the ransom, the Pasha engaging to refund it, and not to slacken his endeavours to put down the rebels. The sum was accordingly sent by a shepherd, who had been made their emissary; but no one was there to receive it. As the pursuit did not slacken, they were probably afraid to approach in case of a surprise. Finally, however, the ransom reached its destination, and Dr. M-Raith was restored to his family, completely worn out with fatigue, on the Monday week after his seizure, unhurt, with the exception of the blow on the head which I have mentioned, the effects of which were apparent for a long time. This blow, it appears, was rather the effect of accident than design."—P. 140—147.

It is not our intention to be critical on the style of our humane authoress. We are indebted to the pages of her interesting book for more than we can even possibly allude to. The scenes and sketches, the anecdotes and incidents we have already given, must convince the reader how much there remains behind of what is really amusing.

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## Brief Notices.

*The Geographical Word-Expositor.* By Edwin Adams, T.C.B.  
Longman and Co.

A most useful little addition to the Educational Library. Although professing to be "for the use of pupil-teachers and the upper classes

in school," it has a much more general claim. Not only newspaper readers, but not a few bookmen are ignorant of the derivation of numerous geographical words which are constantly falling in their way, and of which the etymology is a key to a world of interesting information. The size and price are such as to make this little volume accessible, as it is sure to be welcome, to the humblest library.

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*Systematic Theology.* By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Edited by J. R. Campbell, M.A. Vol. I. Adam and Charles Black. Edinburgh: 1856.

THE friends of Dr. Wardlaw, and the religious world generally, will be pleased to hear that his lectures on Systematic Theology are in the course of publication, and that the first volume is now out. We purpose, in a future number, to review it at length, but we cannot delay calling the attention of our readers to it. The volume begins with several introductory lectures, one of which is on the benefit of education for the Christian ministry; and another, on the use and abuse of systems of theology. The doctrine of the divine existence is the next theme, in the discussion of which, reference is made to the arguments *à priori* and *à posteriori*, the doctrine of cause and effect, the question of final causes, and various systems of atheism and cosmogony. The evidences of Christianity are afterwards investigated, and the volume closes with lectures on the perfections of God. Our readers will perceive that the volume treats of a variety of most important and interesting topics. Although written for students, it is adapted to the capacity of every Christian of ordinary intelligence; is composed in an attractive style, and will have, we doubt not, a large circulation.

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*The Christian System; or, Teachings of the New Testament.* By Banks Ferrand. London: Longman, Brown, and Co. Pp. 511.

THE nature of this work is indicated by the writer in his own words when he says, "I resolved, by the help of God, to search out the whole teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ and his ministers, as they stand recorded in the New Testament; and to place them in order for my own instruction, and for the enlightenment of my fellow-men." It is in fact a body of divinity formed out of the New Testament, beginning with the recognized truths of the being and perfections of God, and ending with the establishment of the Christian church, and the duties we owe to God and to each other. The work contains an abundance of matter, statements, and proofs on almost all points of Christian doctrine,—exhibiting what are commonly considered as Evangelical views of divine truth. Without going through the whole volume, for which we have not space, we must take the liberty of pointing out one leading error embodied in these pages, relating to the person of Christ. The author's views on the subject

are what used to be called High Arianism. He maintains that God is one person; that Christ is above every creature, but not God; and that the Holy Spirit is simply the divine power. A few extracts will justify our statement. "This passage (Mark xiii. 32) is worthy of remark, as showing the relative gradation of spiritual beings; man the lowest, then angels, then Jesus Christ, and God above all." (P. 30.) "Christ furnishes so many proofs that he is not God, that this testimony (the testimony of Thomas) cannot be viewed as of any importance." (P. 39.) And, after quoting the words of the Apostle, "Christ, who is over all God, blessed for evermore," he proposes a different translation, and adds, as the reason for so doing, "To call Christ God would be inconsistent with our Lord's own testimony." (P. 40.) "When John says, 'the Word was God,' he implies that Christ was clothed with the wisdom and power of God, and that he was made deputy-God, and acted instead of God, and so was infinitely higher than any angelic being." (P. 42.) We need not quote more; these passages will sufficiently show the sentiments of the writer on the all-important subject of the person of Christ. The error of our author arises from not distinguishing between the official capacity of Christ in the economy of redemption, and his own independent personal character. In the one he is subordinate and inferior to the Father, as he himself declares a hundred times; but in the other he is equal with the Father. An official inferiority does not suppose a personal inferiority. In the first sense, an ambassador is inferior to the king who appoints him, but he is not so in the last; in that respect, he may be equal, and even superior, as is often the case. The passages, therefore, which our author cites are not to the point. Mr. Ferrand should remember, that while one class of texts affirms Christ's inferiority, another class distinctly affirms his equality to the Father. Our theory, relative to the distinction of what is official and what is personal, reconciles them together; while our author is compelled to deny the latter class, and in doing so he puts a gloss on the words of Scripture which they will not bear.

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*A Memoir of Elizabeth Fry.* By her Daughter, Mrs. Frances Cresswell. Abridged from a larger Memoir, with Alterations and Additions. Pp. 584. London: Piper, Stephenson, and Spence.

WE have not had an opportunity of comparing this abridgment with the original work, but of the desirableness of such a publication there can be no doubt, since it will make numbers acquainted with the character and labours of this excellent Christian and philanthropist, to whom they would have been otherwise almost unknown. In the preface Mrs. Cresswell states that "much is omitted that found a place in the former edition, especially lengthy extracts from her journal and letters, interesting as marking the minute development of her mind, but abounding in repetition, and little suited for the general reader. Many details especially relating to her foreign journeys, not in the first edition, but which found a place in the second, are retained here; and the whole is

prepared with the endeavour to allure and interest those who might be appalled by a more lengthy and strictly religious biography." All this appears to us highly judicious, and we cordially wish that the volume may meet with an extensive circulation.

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*The Beauties of the Bible.* In Ten Lectures. By William Leask. Second Edition. London: Partridge and Co. 1856.

THIS is a book admirably adapted to the need of the times. The lectures were delivered in a public hall at Kennington, and published at the request of the audience, conveyed by resolution at the close of the course. The first requisite for successful speaking or writing—sympathy with the subject, Mr. Leask possesses in a very high degree; he stands in the right mental attitude for discovering the beauties of the Bible, while his talents and acquirements fit him well for pointing them out to others. The lectures treat respectively of the structure, poetry, dreams, biography, morality, parables, predictions, miracles, design, and destiny of the Bible. These topics are very ably discussed, and several of them give scope for powerful and conclusive reasoning, which will receive attention from those whose reverence for truth compels them at her call to step aside from any line of thought, however long and fondly followed. In the compass of this small volume the Bible is not only triumphantly vindicated from aspersion, but its claims on the love and earnest attention of its readers are set forth in a manner equally simple, dignified, and forcible. Mr. Leask has produced a volume which cannot fail to have a beneficial effect as wide as its circulation may be. Though by no means exclusively suited to the young, it will, by the charms of its animated and eloquent style, captivate many who have as yet been little in the habit of searching out and enjoying the beauties of the Bible. One of the strongest impressions we have received from the book is that of the happiness the author evidently finds in the study of the Scriptures. We have met with similar instances in other individuals, making good the inspired testimony to the blessedness of the man who meditates in the law of the Lord day and night. We congratulate Mr. Leask on the honourable position he holds as a preacher, a public journalist, and an author, in which last-mentioned capacity the work before us amply sustains his reputation.

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*A Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians.* By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor at Princeton, New Jersey. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1856.

ALTHOUGH we must not be understood as subscribing to every statement in this commentary, we hail its appearance as a token for good. The name of Dr. Hodge of Princeton is, no doubt, known to most of our clerical readers as that of one of the ablest Calvinistic American divines. The commentary on the deeply interesting and important

Epistle to the Ephesians fully sustains the reputation of its author. The critical portion is thorough and concise; the expository satisfactory and reliable; and the whole gives promise of permanent and general usefulness. There are neither useless rhetorical figures, theological platitudes, needless digressions, nor uncertainties about this commentary. We warmly recommend it to our clerical readers for their private studies and public teaching, while its conciseness and cheapness will no doubt make it also a welcome addition to the library of students and classically educated bible-readers in general. We need scarcely add that the exposition is thoroughly Calvinistic. As we place this neat and excellent little volume in our library by the side of Dr. Hodge's "Commentary on the Romans," we feel that it is a suitable sequel to it, and only hope that such contributions to our exegetical literature may be multiplied.

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*Bacon's Essays*: a Lecture by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. *The Jews*: a Lecture by Rev. C. M. Fleury. *Missionary Work—who is to do it?* a Lecture by Rev. W. P. Walsh. *The Wisdom of God in the Salvation of Man*: a Lecture by Rev. J. G. Manly. Dublin. 1855.

THESE four lectures were delivered in Dublin last winter before the Young Men's Christian Association. Dr. Whately's on "Bacon's Essays," consists chiefly of extracts from the preface and annotations to the admirable edition of the essays which he has recently published. Good, sensible thinking, deeper a great deal than it looks at first sight, characterizes everything bearing the archbishop's name. We wish we could say as much for Mr. Fleury. This good man told the young men of Dublin that since the distribution of the nations that took place soon after the Flood, and which is narrated in the tenth chapter of Genesis, they have continued to occupy nearly the same ground, and have undergone no change of situation of any importance. And according to his philosophy of history, the whole course of God's providence has been controlled from the beginning and must still be controlled by the necessities of the children of Abraham. He finds the Jew rather than Christ in the heart of the world's history. The other two lectures contain a great deal of noble and eloquent writing, and must have told powerfully, we should think, upon Dublin audiences.

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## Review of the Month.

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OUR RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES HAVE AGAIN OCCUPIED PUBLIC ATTENTION. On the 30th of June, Mr. Moore, in the House of Commons moved the following resolution: "That the conduct of Her Majesty's government, in the differences that have arisen between them and the government of the United States, on the question of

enlistment, has not entitled them to the approbation of this House." The chief object of Mr. Moore appeared to be to disparage the character and conduct of Lord Clarendon, and the obviousness of his design, coupled with the acerbity of temper with which it was carried out, greatly weakened the force of his attack upon the policy of the Government. In reply, it was clearly shown by Sir George Grey, that the enlistment proceedings in the United States had originated in the offers of persons resident there—British subjects and foreigners—to enter Her Majesty's service, and Mr. Crampton communicated to the American Government this fact; but, although every precaution was taken by him to prevent any violation of the municipal law of the United States, it did appear that persons had engaged in the transaction, professing to act with an authority they had never received, and whose proceedings were calculated to compromise our friendly relations with the United States. Her Majesty's Government put an end to the scheme, and offered an ample apology to the Government of the United States for these unauthorized acts, which it was concluded, apparently by Mr. Buchanan himself, would have been deemed satisfactory and terminated the affair. The debate was adjourned. The case was shown by the Attorney-General to be a perfectly clear one. There is in the United States no constitutional obstacle against joining a foreign service, but every encouragement is given to it, so that it be done without compromising the territory of the United States. The truth appears to be that the conduct of the government of the United States was determined by electioneering motives, dependent on the near approach of the period at which the President is chosen. The House of Commons wisely refused to reopen the quarrel which had been peacefully settled by diplomacy, and rejected the motion by the large majority of 274 against 80. The impartial verdict of history will probably condemn our Transatlantic brethren on the charge of an undignified, and perhaps an unprincipled petulance, but we have no fears as to that verdict in reference to ourselves. Posterity will see that we have sacrificed a natural inclination to retaliate, to that wider and more philanthropic policy which recognizes the union of the Anglo-Saxon race, holding a pure Christian faith, as the link on which is suspended the peace and welfare of the civilized world.

THE CLOSE OF THE RUSSIAN WAR HAS NOW RECEIVED ITS FINAL CELEBRATION. Our soldiers have returned from the scenes of their sufferings and their triumphs; and the Guards, on their entry into London, have experienced a reception to which history probably affords no parallel. They have been welcomed home by their sovereign in person, and by so vast a multitude as made miles of London almost impassable, and Hyde Park too small to allow even a small fraction of the assembled public an opportunity of observing the Guards as they carried their tattered colours before the eyes of the Queen. Their officers have been received with equal distinction. General Williams has been made a baronet, with the memorable name of "Kars" introduced into his title, and has subsequently been returned to the House of Commons for the Marquis of Launsdowne's

borough of Calne. He, as well as his comrade, Sir Colin Campbell, has been fêted to satiety both by military and civil bodies, and nothing has been wanting on the part of the British people to testify their gratitude to the army which has served its country so well, and under such disgraceful disadvantages and privations. Meanwhile the Chelsea Commission has published its Report, in the face of all the notorious mismanagement, both at home and abroad, which has destroyed the flower of our army, and brought disgrace upon the military reputation of the country. That Commission has exculpated all the responsible parties, and even added commendation to their acquittal. A more monstrous farce was never enacted. The most palpable facts are ignored; personal animosities of chiefs, which, in accordance with the ancient maxim, "*Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*," have produced unnumbered woes to our brave soldiers, have been hushed in misrepresentation, but certainly not in oblivion. Great injustice appears to us to have been done to the commissioners appointed to the unthankful task of investigating the causes of our miscarriages in the Crimea; and an attempt has been made to bolster up a system which, if the British people possess the spirit for which we give them credit, is doomed to an inevitable and speedy destruction. How far this result may be promoted by the recent appointment of the Duke of Cambridge to the post of Commander-in-chief in the place of Lord Hardinge, who has resigned that office on the ground of age and ill-health, remains to be seen. One thing, however, is certain; the British people have been taught a lesson as to the general management of their military affairs, with respect both to promotion and to administrative regulation, which it is impossible they should ever forget.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION CONSTITUTE, IN OUR OPINION, THE MOST PROMISING REFORMATORY MOVEMENT OF THE AGE. We have repeatedly drawn the attention of our readers to this important subject, and the aspect which it has now assumed, is such as demands the most vigilant attention of the British public. It will be remembered that Lord Goderich during the present session, moved and carried against the government, an address to Her Majesty congratulating her on the results effected under the operations of the Commission, and recommending a system of open competitive examination for all appointments in the Civil Service of the Crown. There appears, however, to have been some informality in this proceeding which destroyed its effect, and on the 9th of July, his lordship moved that the House of Commons do resolve itself into committee upon the Civil Service. He was induced to withdraw his motion by a declaration from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the following purport: "Since the discussion upon the resolution of the House, a considerable number of examinations and appointments had taken place, and the practical result of the system up to the present time had been that two persons had succeeded in obtaining certificates where one failed. Lord Goderich proposed to carry the system of open competition still further, so that, whenever a vacancy occurred in a public office, any person might offer himself

as a candidate ; the plan at present being, in the superior departments of the government, that, whenever a vacancy occurred, candidates were selected by the head of the department, and subjected to competitive examination. The House, he thought, would see that this system offered securities for good appointments, it being the interest of heads of departments to obtain the most efficient subordinates. With respect to the Secretary to the Treasury, he, not being the head of the department for which the nominations were made, had not to the same extent that interest, and that class of appointments required some additional security. Having consulted the Civil Service Commissioners, he could state that the result of their experience was that examination by competition, where the number was not too large, produced, on the whole, more satisfactory results than any other mode, and it favoured the gradual extension of the principle of appointments by competitive examination." We cannot conceal our regret that Lord Goderich expressed his satisfaction at this declaration on the part of the government. It is fair to presume that the persons appointed to the Civil Service, prior to the system of examination under the Commission, were not superior to those who were presented for that examination. Large numbers of the latter were rejected on the ground of their ignorance of the commonest elements of scholastic knowledge ; and it is this circumstance, in a great measure, which has made administrative reform a question of the day. Now with all respect to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and to the government of which he is a member, we cannot feel any confidence in entrusting this all-important matter to their hands. Their temptations are insuperable by ordinary integrity. The parliamentary majority, which is the pedestal of their power, rests, or rather rocks on patronage, and Mr. Hayter, the Secretary of the Treasury, stops the way. But against this advantage to the existing ministry, stands the entire interest of the people. How much more efficiently would the public service be performed if its officers were appointed solely by recognized merit ; and if all promotions as well as all appointments were regulated by the same principle ? Above all, how would the standard of popular education be raised, if every youth who aspires to proficiency, in whatever department, should know that the highest departments of the public service are open to his ambition ? We exhort the constituencies of this country to keep this great subject in view at the approaching election. It is not a question of party, but of vital public interest ; and every well-wisher to his country, should take a conscientious care to record his vote only in favour of that candidate who will pledge himself to support a scheme of public competition for every clerkship in the Civil Service of the Crown.

SPAIN HAS AGAIN BEEN THE THEATRE OF A SANGUINARY REVOLUTION.—The last, which occurred just two years ago, gave hopes of constitutional liberty to that wretched country, so long the victim of monarchical and sacerdotal despotism. But Espartero, on whom those hopes chiefly rested, is a forgiving, single-minded, and unsuspecting man ; and, while his treacherous mistress was plotting his

overthrow, he turned a deaf ear to the warnings he received, and calmly pursued his patriotic career. At length, the "situation" was ripe for the catastrophe. An adequate military force had been gradually collected around the capital, and when all was in readiness, the treacherous Queen got up a frivolous quarrel for the purpose of precipitating a ministerial crisis, dismissed Espartero, and placed the seals of first minister in the hands of "the resolute and merciless O'Donnell." The result of this unexpected *coup d'état* has been thus briefly described: "The National Guard and people of Madrid flew to arms. Troops and artillery were poured into the city, and there ensued for many hours a fierce struggle between the troops of the line and the National Guard. This state of things could not last. The National Guard, deserted, as they say, by their leaders, and overpowered by the superior discipline and arms of their assailants, gave up the contest, and submitted to be disarmed. A few of the more determined, under the guidance of Pucheta, the bull-fighter, fought to extremity, and perished either by cannon shot or the bayonets of the soldiers. Little mercy seems to have been sought or given on either side, and the killed are estimated at not less than a thousand. Feeble insurrections of a similar character in different parts of the country have been easily suppressed, and the Queen and O'Donnell may now be said to have trampled out the last spark of constitutional liberty in Spain." No one can believe that this infamous plot is destined to permanent success. Spain will indeed bide its time; but surely the hour must come, and perhaps is not distant, when not only she, but the other Continental states that are groaning under the infliction of tyrants, will exact a terrible retribution, and work out, perhaps simultaneously, their own political regeneration. A suspicion has been more than once whispered in some public organs of the complicity of the French Emperor in these movements, and it has even been said that "the plot was hatched at the Tuileries." On the 24th, a question was put to Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, as to what steps the Government were prepared to take to prevent the armed interference of France in the affairs of Spain. To this he returned the following reply: "I apprehend that there is at present nothing in regard to the affairs of Spain which could lead to any interference on the part of the French Government with those affairs. The Emperor of the French is a man of great justice, and would, I think in any case, feel that foreign interference with the affairs of the Spanish nation, except under circumstances which we cannot foresee, would be unjust. He is also a man of great sagacity, and the lessons of the past teach that those sovereigns of France who have been led to interfere in the affairs of Spain have always, sooner or later, found that interference more or less disastrous to themselves. There can be no reason for apprehending that there is on the part of the French government any intention to interfere in Spain." Since this declaration, however, we have news of the concentration of large bodies of French troops on the Spanish frontier, and of a naval movement in the same direction.

THE APPELLATE JURISDICTION BILL AFTER HAVING ENCOUNTERED THE OPPOSITION OF THE ABLEST OF THE PEERS WAS DISCUSSED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE 10TH. The debate was taken on the motion for going into committee. The proceedings in the House of Lords, when sitting, as by a fiction they are said to sit, as the highest judicial court in the realm, has long been most unsatisfactory; and since the two ex-chancellors, Lords Brougham and St. Leonards have been laid aside by indisposition, the appeals have simply been from Lord Cranworth in the Court of Chancery to Lord Cranworth, in the House of Lords, while a couple of lay lords may be seen sitting at a distance, amusing as best they may those dreary hours in which they hear nothing of the proceedings, and could not understand them if they did. Such a mockery of a court of ultimate appeal has found some advocates of things as they are, bold enough to defend it in both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Raikes Currie, however, the member for Northampton moved that the bill be referred to a select committee. A principal argument urged against it was, that it involved the appointment of two more great salaried officers in the House of Lords; but whether these were to exercise their function in that House during the recess, whether they were to be taken from the bench or the profession at large, and what should be the amount of their salaries, were points left to be decided by the committee. It has been generally understood that one motive entertained by its promoters was the elevation of Sir Frederic Thesiger from the Lower House. The House of Commons decided by a majority of 155 to 133, that the bill should be referred to a select committee, in other words that it should be rejected. The measure was supported by one of those anomalous coalitions to which our recent parliamentary history has accustomed us. The *Times* thus concisely sums up its demerits: "It entirely failed in providing a remedy for that which is a great and acknowledged evil—viz., the want of a suitable court of last appeal to conclude litigation in civil matters. It defined and narrowed the prerogative of the Crown where the usage of ages had left the prerogative broad and undefined. At the same time that it did this, it introduced innovations far more startling than the one against which it was mainly directed. We have far from exhausted the objections to this most unwise and unconstitutional bill, for surely nothing could be more at variance with the practice of Parliament than that one House of the Legislature should continue to hold an abnormal and irregular session at the same time that the other House was relieved from the duty of attendance, and the Crown was debarred from all interference. This provision for the continuous session of the House of Lords in its judicial capacity at the same time that its legislative functions were suspended, was either ridiculous or open to the very gravest suspicion. If nothing more was intended than the formation of a Court of Appeal disjoined from the ordinary operations of the House of Lords, then the obvious course, to avoid confusion, was to have a House of Lords and a Court of Appeal of an entirely independent character. If, on the other hand, the new Court was to remain clothed, in some mys-

terious and undefinable manner, with the privileges and majesty of a legislative body, the very gravest evils might have resulted from a course so diametrically opposed to the principles of the constitution, as that one branch of the legislature should remain in permanent session while the functions of the two others remained in suspense."

THE PROPOSAL FOR RETIRING PENSIONS TO THE BISHOPS OF LONDON AND DURHAM HAS CAUSED GREAT EXCITEMENT IN BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Both these prelates have for a long time past been laid aside by infirmity, and utterly incapable of any public duty. They have occupied for many years the two richest dioceses in Great Britain, and the amount which they have both received, over and above the salaries allotted to them by Government, has been absolutely enormous. With respect to the Bishop of London, it has been proverbial for years that no one but himself can form even an approximate estimate of the income which he has enjoyed. The financial history of the Paddington estate is involved in a mystery which will, perhaps, never be cleared up. A partisan of this prelate, in the House of Lords, has declared that his lordship has spent the bulk of his income for church purposes,—a statement which may well be commended to the clergy and the country at large, as a notable test of their episcopal faith. One argument in favour of the amount of retiring pension for which he stipulates, is the necessity of his providing an immense sum for the payment of his premiums on life insurance. His modest request in intimating to the Premier his desire to relinquish those functions, which he is consciously unable to perform, is a retiring pension of £6,000 a-year, and the palace of Fulham to boot. And now, as to the Bishop of Durham. His income, as allotted by Government, is £8,000 a-year; but a return, moved for by Sir Benjamin Hall, indicates the amounts received by his lordship during the last thirty years, and these are probably only an approximation to the sums actually received. In two years we find them amounting respectively to £26,000; in a third, to £31,794; in a fourth, to £32,867; in a fifth, to £34,513; and in a sixth, to £34,677. This right reverend father stipulates for the small retiring pension of £4,500! The Bill introduced by Government, founded upon these claims, has been resisted upon two grounds. The first, that it introduces an innovation which involves a dangerous precedent, and the second, that it is tainted with the ecclesiastical sin of simony. With respect to the second of these, it is difficult to imagine our senators urging their argument with a grave countenance when they know that advowsons are publicly sold every week, at Garraway's, to the highest bidder. The traffic in the cure of souls is as open and notorious as the operations on the Stock Exchange, and surely no legal fictions can remove such transactions from the category of the sin of simony. But the former objection opens a wider question. If bishops, having received hundreds of thousands of pounds of the public money, are to be allowed to retire on ample pensions, why are those who are technically called the inferior clergy to be denied a similar privilege? If the episcopal Dives, with his splendid palace and his enormous revenues, is to be paid a rich

income for doing nothing, what arrangement ought to be made, *à fortiori*, for the half-starved and incapacitated curate. The one can provide for his sons and, we know, his daughters too, with rich livings. The other cannot afford to send his children to school. The one insures his life for £50,000; the other cannot spare from his hardly-earned pittance an insurance which will pay his funeral expenses. If the Legislature is to interfere with the sustentation of a Christian minister, which of the two classes should receive the first consideration? "Why," said Sydney Smith, himself a clerical dignitary, "must the Church of England be only a collection of beggars and bishops; the Right Reverend Dives in the palace, and Lazarus, in orders, at his gates, doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs?" The Bill has passed both Houses to the ineffable disgrace of the government, the church, and the legislature.

FROM THE "PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR" we select the following as the principal publications of the month: Fulcher's "Life of Gainsborough," fcp.; Etheridge's "Jerusalem and Tiberias," 12mo.; "The Sketcher," by the Rev. J. Eagles; Wilson's "Lost Solar System," 2 vols. 8vo.; Dobell's volume of Poetry, called "England in the Time of War;" Sir David Brewster's Work on the Stereoscope, post 8vo.; Sir George Cathcart's "Correspondence on the War in Kaffraria," 8vo.; Aldridge's "First Trip to the German Spas and Vichy," fcp.; Jacob's "Rifle Practice;" Hooker's "Flora of New Zealand," in 2 vols. royal 4to. with 121 plates; "A Geography and Natural History of the Country, Colonies, and Inhabitants of Southern Africa," by the Rev. Francis Fleming, author of "Kaffraria;" "The Young Lord," by Lady Ponsonby, in 2 vols.; Laird's "The Glass and its Victims," post 8vo.; a volume of Lectures to the Church of England Young Men's Society; Baillie's "Heavenly Life," 12mo.; White's "Christian Biography," 12mo.; the Second Volume of Newland's "Seasons;" Neale's "Mediæval Preacher;" "Letters of a French Pastor from the Seat of War," fcp.; Lord Lyttelton on the "Gospels and Acts of the Apostles;" "Tholuck on the Psalms," by Mombert, royal 8vo.; "Clerk's Manual of Book-keeping;" "Elementary Arithmetic," by Sang; and the Addresses of Sir Richard Airey before the Board of Inquiry at Chelsea. New editions have also appeared, amongst others, of Johnston's folio "Physical Atlas;" greatly enlarged; Conybeare's "St. Paul;" Timbs's "Things Not Generally Known;" Bazley's "Drama of Life;" Myers's "Lectures on Great Men;" Murray's "Hand-book of Italy," Part 2—"Rome; and of Portugal;" Randall's "Scripture Outlines;" Mackay's "Salamandrine;" Lund's "Short and Easy Course of Algebra." To the *répertoire* of cheap literature have been added editions of "Arthur O'Leary;" Miss Edgeworth's "Vivian;" Hook's "Jack Brag;" Grant's "Harry Ogilvy;" and St. John's "Levantine Family."

Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, states in a letter to a contemporary, that the volume of "Calendars of State Papers" which is to appear under his superintendence, will be ready for publication about the 1st of November next. Mr. Murray is preparing for publication

a new edition of "Boswell's Johnson," with Mr. Croker's final corrections and additions; and another equally interesting reprint is in preparation by Mr. Bentley, namely a complete edition of "Horace Walpole's Letters," newly edited. The general announcements of works in preparation are few: Col. Lake's "Captivity in Russia," for the 26th; "It is Never Too Late to Mend," a Tale, by Charles Reade, author of "Christie Johnstone;" "Paris and London," by Mrs. Trollope, in 3 vols.; "The Oxonian in Norway," by the Rev. F. Metcalfe; "Art and Nature at Home and Abroad," by G. W. Thornbury; a volume of "Edinburgh Essays,"—in emulation, we presume, of those which have emanated from the English Universities; "Readings in English History," by Richard Bithell; "A Social History of the People of the Southern Counties of England in Past Centuries," by G. Roberts; the Third and concluding Volume of the "Annals of England," epitomized from contemporary writers; "Ferny Combs, a Ramble after Ferns in the Valleys and Glens of Devonshire," by Charlotte Chanter; Murray's "Hand-book of Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset;" "A Descriptive Dictionary of the Indian Islands," by John Crawford, F.R.S.; the First Volume of the Essays of Professor Wilson, in continuation of his Works; "The Book of the Aquarium," by Shirley Hibberd; and "An Account of the Important and Rapidly Progressing Colony of Hong Kong," by Sir John Bowring.

## Books Received.

- Barth (Rev. Dr.). Benoni; or, the Triumph of Christianity over Judaism. Pp. 140. Wertheim & Macintosh.
- British Quarterly Review. No. XLVII. Jackson & Walford.
- Burton (Richard F.). First Footsteps in East Africa. Pp. 648. Longmans & Co.
- Cairns (Rev. Jno., A.M.). The Scottish Philosophy: a Vindication and a Reply. Pp. 26. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.
- Challener (T.). Complete Catechism of the Descriptive Geography of England. Pp. 150. Longmans & Co.
- Clark (W.). Series of Tracts on Scriptural Subjects. Pp. 46. Glasgow: G. Gallie.
- Claud Wilford: a Romance. Pp. 352. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
- Collis (Rev. Jno. Day, M.A.). Praxis Græca. Part II.—Syntax. Pp. 277. Longmans & Co.
- Cottage Homes: a Book for Mothers. Pp. 31. Jarrold & Sons.
- Cunningham (Rev. Dr.). The Church: a Sermon preached in behalf of the Society for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.
- Davies (Rev. Edwin). Glimpses of our Heavenly Home; or, the Destinies of the Glorified. Pp. 272. Ward & Co.
- Davis (Rev. C. H., M.A.). Prayer-book Difficulties Explained. Pp. 76. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.
- Dobell (Sydney). England in the Time of War. Pp. 200. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Dove (Patrick Edward). Logic of the Christian Faith. Pp. 426. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.
- Educator (The). Quarterly Journal of the Congregational Board of Education. No. X. Ward & Co.
- Espousals (The). Pp. 182. John W. Parker & Son.

- Etheridge (J. W., M.A.). Jerusalem and Tiberias; Sora and Cordova: a Survey of the Religious and Scholastic Learning of the Jews. Pp. 507. Longmans.
- Faith in God as to Temporal Things: an Account of the Rise and Progress of the New Orphan House, Ashley Down, Bristol. Pp. 175. Houlston & Stoneman.
- Forbes (Sir John). Sight-Seeing in Germany and the Tyrol in the Autumn of 1855. Pp. 370. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Frazer's Magazine for July. John W. Parker & Son.
- Frossard (Emilien). The French Pastor at the Seat of War. Pp. 302. Nisbet & Co.
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